Every Week

3¢

May 29, 19

The Band that Beats the Band

By WALT MASON

THIS is the band that beats the band—for all are Cones, you understand. At Ramsey, which is in N. J., the brothers and their father play; they toot their fifes and beat their drums whene'er a conquering hero comes, and if no hero makes his bow, they dish up music anyhow.

When you would organize a band, you must rake round on every hand, and send out trawls everywhere, to find your players, who are rare. But, lo, when Major Edward Cone desired to make a band his own, he just enrolled his gifted boys, and taught them how to make a noise that would enthrall the cultured ear and draw the shining doubloon near.

Four girls and seven boys has he, and all are strong for melody. The girls can play the drum and fife, and charm all troubles from your life, but they stay home and help their ma, the while the boys play tunes with pa.

At every fest and pandaree that citizens of Ramsey see, the Cones appear, to fill the air with harmony beyond compare. For forty miles around the town, they hold all celebrations down, and find it difficult to fill demands upon their time and skill.

The major was a drummer-boy in Civil War times, and his joy is in the drum he pounded then, inspiring weary fighting men. Twas while he shooed the kids, one day, here in old times he used to play, there came to this hard-working man the inspiration for his plan. And thus he taught them how to thrum, to blow the fife and beat the drum, to turn out music smooth and grand; and hence the band that beats the band.

Another Idea Worth $1

This 14-year-old girl organized herself into an information bureau for her community. The idea is putting her through college.

IN spite of the fact that I am only fourteen years old, I have put $653 in the bank in the last two years, all of it earned by work outside of school hours. Any young man or woman can follow the plan I have developed, providing he reads the daily papers and works in the public library an hour or two a day.

Two years ago my teacher in school laughingly called me "a walking information bureau," and set me to wondering what I could do to make money out of such an asset. I had always read the papers and the magazines with interest, but it was entirely for my own pleasure. When the idea came that I might capitalize this habit and answer questions for a price, I inserted a reading notice in my home weekly saying:

"The undersigned has established an information bureau. If you have any questions which you have found difficult to answer, she will be glad to answer them for you. Prompt and accurate service guaranteed. Rates: 15 cents a question; two questions for 25 cents."

Of course, business was slow; but it finally began to come, and within six months I had all I could do in two hours, from four to six every day. I have gradually extended the advertising until I now get questions from several counties in my State. Most of the questions are on baseball or photo-plays; so, if you plan to try my scheme, make these two your first study. To show what can be done by one who knows little at first: I have never seen a baseball game played by professionals of the big leagues; but there are books on the subject of both players and averages.

My information bureau is going to put me through college, besides paying part of my present expenses.

EDITOR'S NOTE. I have paid the writer of this $10 for her idea. It is worth $50 to any reader who will put it into practice in his or her own district. Every week I will pay $10 for an idea that will make $1 or save $1 for the readers of this magazine. Address your letters to the "$1 Idea Editor."

"How I Cut Down My Doctor's Bills"

I WILL pay $25 for the best letter on this subject. By "best" I mean the letter that tells in the most interesting and practical way just how and by what means the writer improved his or her health. The suggestion must be one that it is possible for the average American to adopt in his own life; the writer must tell specifically just what it accomplished for him or her.

For instance, one of the best health aids I have discovered is to have a Thermos bottle filled with cold water on my desk. I know I ought to drink more water—a couple of quarts a day. But, until I put the bottle there as a constant reminder, I used to slip through the days unwatered, simply because I was too busy to remember.

What have you discovered in your eating, your exercise, or your routine of life, that has improved your health and cut down your doctor's bill?

For every letter good enough to print I will pay regular magazine rates. Your name will be used or not, as you prefer.

This contest closes in two weeks.

THE EDITOR.

Is a Wife a Waster?

HAS the world outgrown the need of wives?

Time was when the wife looked after her husband's clothes; when, if she prepared no food for him, he got none; when home was the only refuge open to him.

The modern man eats in a hotel, spends his evenings at the club, and sends his clothes to the laundry and the tailor.

Is the ancient and honorable trade of wife headed for the discard?

Is it because woman's work has been so largely taken from her that we have this restlessness called feminism?

Is the wife a producer or only a waster?

A young lady asks these questions.

As she is to be married this June, we will answer them in this our Brides' Number.

What does the wife produce?

First of all, if she is the right kind of wife she will add from 25 to 100 per cent. to her husband's income.

Not by bringing him money; but by increasing his efficiency; by giving him a motive for work.

I can name ten successful men who have said to me: "I never amounted to a hurrah before I got married. I had more promotion in the first five years after marriage than in ten years before."

A homeless man is an inefficient worker. He eats wherever hunger overtakes him; he loses more sleep than he ought. He works desperately hard some days—too hard—and is utterly played out and useless on others.

The right kind of wife remedies that. She helps him to carry his load easily. And only work that is done easily is really done well.

Ambition, increased income, peace of mind—these are things you may create for your husband, my dear Miss Bride, if you are the right kind of girl.

And you can do something else: you can actually lengthen his life.

There has been a general impression that married men live longer than bachelors. Recently Professor Willcox, of Cornell University, and the New York State Health Department have *proved* it.

Of men between the ages of 20 and 29 the death rate among bachelors is 57 per cent. greater than among married men.

Of men between the ages of 30 and 39 the death rate among bachelors is 110 per cent. greater.

Of men between the ages of 40 and 49 the death rate among bachelors is 105 per cent. greater.

The man of thirty, with a good wife, has twice as good a chance of living to see fifty as the man with no wife.

And finally, Miss Bride, you can do the most important thing of all.

You can establish one new home as a bit of moral heaven in the community—a new center of simple living, clean thinking, and old-fashioned honesty.

We have had a great succession of "movements" in recent years all intended to hasten on the millennium: Prohibition movements; woman suffrage movements; anti-this and anti-that movements—all well intentioned.

But the millennium will not come by movements.

When the Jews went back to Jerusalem and began to rebuild the wall, every householder built the part "over against his own house."

The various parts joined, end to end, to make a complete circle of the city. So the individual housekeepers, each by protecting his own house, had by the same effort made the city secure.

That is the only bulwark for the modern city or State or nation that amounts to anything—a succession of well made homes, standing shoulder to shoulder.

That is your job, Miss Bride—the greatest in the world.

You need not envy those who trust to their books or their statues or their speeches to make them famous.

You will write your influence in human flesh and blood: it will throb in the veins of the race as long as you have a descendant in the world.

That is your promise of immortality.

Bruce Barton, Editor.

Every bride and every young couple ought to start their home life right by reading Mr. Atwood's book on saving money. A 2-cent stamp, sent to me at 95 Madison Avenue, New York, will bring a copy.

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$1.00 per Year
5 Cents a Copy

Stronger Than the Law

By GEORGE BRONSON-HOWARD

Illustrations by S. J. Woolf

I DO not precisely mean to say that I am his friend because he furnishes me often with a story that the public likes; but maybe that has something to do with it—we are all selfish enough, Heaven knows. Why he likes me is a mystery; I am not of his faith, nor does he ever make an attempt to convert me. But we are friends.

He is old now, and potters about his little parish here in New York like an amiable wolf, long tamed. You can see he was a fierce fellow once, though, in spite of his priestly habit; and his face bears the marks of Chinese torture. Later he was a roving Jesuit missionary through the mining camps of the West. There is still a certain trace of this experience in his speech.

I took him to see a play, the other night—one dealing with the methods of police in forcing a confession from a prisoner. He was singularly quiet through it all, making no comment until we were away from the burly-burly and in his own quiet little study. Whereupon he burst into the story that follows, and which I transcribe as well as I can remember it.

THE literary point of view! It is very tiresome, my friend—a half-truth and a great deal of verbiage. Since one told this playwright that there was such a thing as the "third degree," and it blossomed in his mind into a flower of unreality. Hypnotism—bah! Fear, fear, fear! Mental fear. Physical fear—fear of being maimed for life, blinded, killed! I am going to tell you a story; now go and make a literary hash of it. But listen to the truth first, and do not interrupt.

The name of the town doesn't matter. I don't think the Church would approve; for the whole story is down in the archives at Rome, and Rome decided that I must do penance for my share in it. When I tell you it was a small Western town of ten thousand, founded on the site of a mining camp, you are going to say that is quite different from New York. To offset that, I shall tell you that the Chief of Police in question was a direct importation from this very town; he had been a precinct captain here.

My church was on the outskirts of the town. It was lonely enough for me, in a little house the size of a couple of New York elevators, especially as I did my own cooking, since the parish yielded too little to support a servant.

I was getting ready for bed when that sort of knock came at the door which means that the knocker has no thought whatever for what you want to do. Not the knock of a supplicant or of a man in trouble, but the insolent, insulting knock of a person who will knock again twice as hard if you stop to put on your shoes before answering it. I had heard horses' hoofs and the crunch of carriage-wheels a few moments before, but that sort of people seldom honored me with a call. Now that I had heard the knock, I knew that the unusual had happened, and that money was knocking at the door of the true faith.

I let in a red-faced man, six feet or more in height and close on two hundred pounds. One of his ham-like hands was grasping the shoulder of a trembling little woman. Outside I could see a man in a blue uniform holding a horse's head.

The light from my study lamp glistened on the buttons of the big man, and I followed the reflections up to his face, greeting him by name.

"Shut the door," said he dictatorily. "Sit down!" he added to the woman.

Then he took out a cigar, bit off the end, spat it forth on my clean floor, and turned to me.

"See this woman?" he asked. "Well, her husband's dyin' in jail. Can't last till mornin'. He won't see her. Asks for a priest. It's up to you."

I immediately took down my hat and cloak, and put on both.

"Think you can get one of them death-bed repentances, do you?" he sneered. "Well, this ain't that kind of a bird. However, I wish you luck."

I crossed to the woman, took both her hands, and looked into her eyes. Doctors say a person can't have a broken heart; but this woman had! I've looked on pain and misery all my life, but her hopeless eyes brought tears to my own.

"If he wishes to see a priest, my child," I said to her, "and desires absolution, he must do as the priest directs him. Come with me. He will see you; I promise!"

Here the Chief of Police broke in roughly:

"I ain't goin' to have her bellerin' around the place any more. She kin stay here until you work the fella around. Then, if it's all right, you kin come back and git her. Come on if you're comin'!"

The woman started up with a weak, pitiful cry.

"It won't be long," I soothed; "I have no doubt the Chief here will put his horse and trap at my disposal—"

"Save!" cut in the policeman.

SHE turned away from both of us, and put her hands over her face. I followed the Chief of Police out, got into the trap beside him, and, the other policeman sitting behind, we drove back to town.

As we got within the zone of electric lights, the Chief turned to me and began to speak slowly and decisively.

"See here," he began, keeping his eyes on me the while. "This fella's a common thief. John Yensen, up at Claim 53, panned out about sixty thousand dollars in the last two months. He had it cached in what he thought was a safe place. This fella smashed in, stole it, and cached it somewhere else. He's tryin' to make his getaway with the woman when we pinches him. See? Well, when we git him in jail he denies everythin'—says he didn't grab the stuff; which is a lie, as we got witnesses to prove. Then we gives him a little persuasion—"

He put his face a trifle closer as he spoke:

"A—little—persuasion! And he comes across clean. He done it, and he tells us how he done it! But as to where he soaked the touch he won't say. Like a clam! He ain't said yet—and he's dyin'."

His face again came unpleasantly close, the dead cigar in one corner of his mouth almost touching my face.

"Catch on?"

"Why won't he see his wife?" I asked quietly. "Have you told him lies about her?"

From the twitch of his ugly face and his lack of readiness to answering, I knew there was a reason for the prisoner's extraordinary conduct which he would rather I did not know.

"You see—it's this way, father," he went on, with extraordinary civility, for him. "There ain't a chance of findin' that sixty thousand unless he loosens up before he dies. Now, as he won't see his wife—"

"*Why* won't he see his wife?" I persisted.

"—as he won't see his wife," repeated the Chief, disregarding me, "and won't tell us—and as you are the only person he wants to see, why, I guess you'll be the only one that'll know where the dust is soaked. Now, I've had a talk with Yensen. He'll split it like an apple with me if I find out where it is; and I'll be on the level with you!"

He spoke largely, benevolently.

"You need a lot of things up at that rusty church of yours—a decent place to live in, for one thing. And—well, my folks uses be Catholics, and I went when I was a kid, and I don't see none of them pretty stained-glass windows and gold and silver plate and—"

"Kindly remember I am a priest," I said.

"Kindly remember I'm talkin' ten thousand dollars. Ah, that hits you where you live, does it?"

I DIDN'T answer. To refuse him meant, probably, not seeing the prisoner. But I was determined that, if matters were as he said, it was my office to see that Yensen had the money returned to him without paying toll to an institution which he, with the rest of us, contributed to support.

Perhaps I let the Captain believe I would acquiesce in his plan. At any rate, he seemed to take it for granted that I would not refuse a sum as large as the one he offered. He said no more on the subject, but led me through jail corridors and down to the sub-cellar, where the

"'Find the key if you can. Search me if you like. Search the room. You'll take neither of us to jail. Now, find your key!'"

"'They turned the hose on me every half hour—until I got this pneumonia. Still, it's funny so many people die in jail, ain't it?'"

more dangerous prisoners were. He explained, as we descended, that Madden had been insane for two days, and had only just recovered his reason.

It was very dark below; a single arc-light for an entire floor, and that in the center of the corridor. When the turnkey swung open Madden's cell door, I could see only a splotch of blankets against the gloom.

"The electric connection's broken in that cell," said the turnkey. "Here's your priest, Madden."

"Well, I won't talk to him till you two git away from the door," came fiercely from within. "I'll be as silent's the grave a'long's you're here. I wanta speak t' him alone, and you needn't listen at th' gratin', 'cause I'm goin' t' whisper everythin' I say.

"Better git a move on, father. Is that big copper gone?"

"You'd better lay low with that talk, Madden," threatened my cicerone, as the turnkey swung the door inward.

"I *did* lay low with my talk," jeered the prisoner. "I beat you at that game, you bullyin' hound. Your third degree didn't work with one subject, did it?"

HE burst into a cackling laugh, grating and unpleasant, which turned to a fit of coughing so raucous that one had little difficulty in surmising the malady that was bringing his life to a close. As he quieted down, he groped for my hand in the darkness and drew me to my knees.

"Got a match?" he whispered hoarsely. "Yes? Then strike it!"

Over the flaming sulphur we regarded each other. My jaw dropped in horror. Out of a discolored mass of flesh two wild-animal eyes stared into mine.

"You look like you're on the square," croaked the man on the cot. "I gotta trust somebody, and I'm goin' to trust you."

His hand struck the match down, and we were in darkness again.

"I oughta been dead an hour ago, but I wasn't goin' to die till I'd seen you. They had me tied up to the board for two days, my hands outside, me on tiptoes, my whole weight restin' on my wrists. Still, it's funny I'm dyin', huh? Then they kept me awake three days and three nights runnin', askin' me questions all the time. Still, it's funny so many people die in jail, ain't it? Then they turned the fire-hose on me every half hour for a day—until I got this pneumonia that's goin' to finish me in a few minutes. Ain't it odd I got such a delicate constitution? See my face? That's from sittin' round in a row, with five big coppers askin' me questions and hittin' me every time I refused to say what they wanted me to say. That's the law a man gets who ain't got any friends!"

He groped for me again, and caught my wrist, sinking his nails into it.

"THIS money crooked? Don't make me laugh! I had Claim 33 staked with Yonsen. I found the gold; he put up the money for improvements. Like a fool, I let him register the claim, thinkin' he'd do it in both our names. He don't. He does it in his own, and kicks me off my own property. I ain't got a shadder of a right by law—not a lawyer 'u'd take my case. So I waited until he panned out enough dust to make the touch worth while, and then I grabbed it. D'you think that's crooked money?"

He did not give me time to answer: his voice was so low now that it was only by putting my ear close to his mouth that I heard him at all.

"Luck's always been ag'in' me. Didn't seem a chance for a tumble! I'd sent the wife and the kids off to her sister in Great Falls, and I'd 'a' had the money there too in another day. But they got me! She thinks I blame her, 'cause I won't see her. Seems kinda hard, too, after her comin' all the way back. But if I told her where the dust was, they'd take her out of this cell into another one; and how long would she last with the fire-hose? Ten minutes—and then she and the kids 'u'd be charity! That's why I won't see her. That's why I sent for you. I wanta tell you where the dust is, so's you can send it to her. But I wanta know first: is the money crooked or not? I'm not askin' what the law says: I'm askin' what God 'u'd say?"

"You've told me the truth?" I gasped.

"I ain't goin' to face purgatory with a lie on my mouth. May I burn in hell fire till judgment day if I ain't talking square as gospel. Now, quick—listen!"

Panic-stricken lest his lips be sealed before he had told me his secret, his remaining strength went into pulling my head down close to him while he jerked out the words that would make his wife and children independent of the world's charity.

He had not been wrong about the brief space allotted him.

The Chief of Police was at my side as I walked out of the jail. Trembling with impotent rage as I was, I dared not incur this man's enmity until I had safely sent the woman back to her children and arranged to ship her the dust that had cost her husband's life.

But I saw immediately, when he climbed into the trap beside me, that he still believed I would be a party to his infamous scheme. It was in my heart to denounce him as a murderer, and, had I no one else to consider, he would surely have heard the truth from the lips of one he could not harm. But, as it was, I knew I must temporize.

There was no policeman behind this time, and he spoke freely and as one who settles a prearranged matter.

"I've got a check for ten thousand all written out and in my pocket," he said, smacking his lips. "Pretty good business for one night, eh, father? I'll hand it to you before we get back to your church."

"I am sorry," I replied slowly, "but Madden didn't tell me what you want to know."

He almost dropped the reins.

"Didn't—tell you?"

I nodded.

"You're bluffin'," he said roughly. "Come across with that info, or—"

I tried to keep cool.

"I think you forget yourself, Captain. It would be a very serious thing for you if you jailed a priest without being able to substantiate criminal charges against him. In fact," I continued meditatively, "I'm not sure you wouldn't have a riot on your hands. My church is poor, perhaps, but a large proportion of your population belong to it. And, strange to say, they would be likely to object to an insult offered their priest."

He saw the force of my argument, and tried the only method he knew of shaking a man's convictions.

"I'll change that check to fifteen thousand in two minutes."

"Captain," I answered levelly, "are you proposing to make a gift to the Church?"

Seeing that it was fruitless to try to placate him, I took the offensive language that he hurled at me as an excuse to catch the reins and stop the horse.

"There are certain epithets a priest can not listen to, Captain," I said as I got out of the trap.

"I'll run you outa town for this!" he yelled, shaking his whip at me as I walked away. "I'll make people afraid to go to your tin-pot church! And, what's more, I'll have a man tailin' you for every move you make. You'll never get that dust away from here, and I'll make this town too hot to hold you!"

I WILL not dwell on the first part of my interview with Mrs. Madden; but, as soon as she was calm enough, I told her what the Chief of Police threatened, and impressed upon her the necessity for getting back to her children at Great Falls before he found some excuse to detain her. There was a train that stopped at Gosport, a place about ten miles away, at two o'clock that morning. I told her she must take it, and sent her into my bedroom to wash up while I made her some strengthening beef-tea and put out a decanter of port. I thought it best to omit from my narrative the account of how her husband had been treated. It was difficult enough to persuade her to go away without seeing him buried, and I succeeded only by insisting on her children's need for her.

"Now," I said, after forcing her to gulp down two glasses of the wine—"now I am going to tell you where your husband hid that gold dust. I may die or lose my reason before I am able to send it to you, especially in view of what that policeman has threatened. So you'd better know."

I SHOULD have waited until we reached Gosport and she had one foot on the traintstep—I know that now; but it was her secret, and I was nervous in the thought that an accident might befall me and she would never know. So I brought her ear close to my mouth and whispered the location of the treasure.

"Here," I added, "are five twenty-dollar gold pieces. If you need more, you must let me know. Are you ready?"

Stilling her promises of what she would do for me and my church, I opened the door. Immediately there was outlined in the lighted space the shadow of a man.

"Who's there?" I called sternly.

A policeman stepped into view—Michael O'Grady, one of my parishioners.

"Well, Michael," I said, trying to retain the sternness in my voice, although I am afraid unsuccessfully, "what can you want at such an hour? Is the wife ill, or the babies?"

"No, thankin' God and your riv'rence," he replied; "but I've orders from the Captain, who's off yonder, and the same orders is not to permit th' lady t' lave th' house—beggin' your riv'rence's pardon, and for which I hope there'll be no blame laid ag'in' me."

"The Captain? Over yonder?" I said weakly, stepping backward.

"You'd better see him, father," urged O'Grady in much uneasiness. "I've got me orders: I can't do a thing."

Meanwhile I had pushed Mrs. Madden back into the house and was facing Captain Grattan.

"If you have anything to say to me," I remarked coldly, "you had better come into the house."

And he followed me in.

"I've got nothin' to say to you," were his words, as he closed the door. "This woman is an accomplice of the late William Madden, and she is to be taken to headquarters and questioned. I see she's all ready to go somewhere."

He turned suddenly to her.

"Where were you goin'?" he demanded threateningly.

"To—to Gosport, sir," she replied, sitting down, all in a tremble.

HE stood frowning at her. I closed the door behind him, locked it, and put the key into his pocket. He was wearing a loose rain-coat over his uniform, and did not notice what I had done. I acknowledge it was all part of a prearranged scheme, which I was determined to carry out if he insisted on doing what he planned to do.

"Oh!" he sneered. "And so you were goin' to make your getaway—aided and abetted by this kind priest—who don't know where Madden hid that gold dust. Oh, no! Of course not!"

He put his arm on Mrs. Madden's shoulder.

"Come along with me!" he said. "I guess by this time the holy father has passed out the info about where the gold dust is. If he has, we'll soon have it out of *you*."

"Yes," I said, trying to keep my voice low. "Captain Grattan has many little persuading ways. He can lock you into a cell and play a fire-hose on you for a couple of hours, for one thing. He can tie you up by your wrists to a cell door, for another. Or he can keep you awake for several nights running. He is a very powerful persuader."

Crossing in where he stood, I removed his hand from Mrs. Madden's shoulder.

"Captain Grattan," I said, "I should advise you to let this woman alone. You killed her husband, and if she is brought into this every one shall know how he died. I advise you to go. Alone!"

"Oh, so that's the game, is it?" he asked, turning a dangerously smiling face to me. "What about Madden resistin' arrest and tryin' to kill an officer

with a billy" What about the concealed weapons that was found on him? What about him goin' crazy in a cell and bavin' to be tied up because he made a murderous assault on the man who took him his food? What about all them things—eh?"

"That's your defense, is it?"

"Against the word of a lunatic crook who died dotty—yup. I guess our defense'll do!"

"This is the law, Mrs. Madden," I said. "After killing your husband, they're going to try to make you give up what he died to keep."

Grattan's face lighted up.

"Oh, so!" he said. "Oh, so! She knows, then! You've told her. I thought so! Come along with me."

Gripping Mrs. Madden, he jerked her across the room and put his hand on the knob, turning it. The failure of the door to open caused him to release her and to take both hands for the job.

"This door's locked," he said, running across the room and thrusting his inflamed face close to mine. "It's locked. You're obstructin' the law. Open it or I'll have O'Grady break it down and—"

"O'Grady wouldn't lay a hand on me," I said; "I'm his priest."

"Well, *I* will!" he almost screamed. "You've told this woman where that dust is, and I'm goin' to have it out of her. I might not be able to do anythin' to you, you sneakin' humbug, but I've got the law on her. You made a false move when you handed her that stuff, and you won't have it split with you now, either. You've rubbed yourself out of ten thousand dollars, and if you don't open that door you'll job yourself into jail."

"I may as well tell you, Captain Grattan," I said, still calm, "that you're not going to take Mrs. Madden to jail. I saw what you did to her husband. You shan't do it to a woman. I'm here to prevent it. Now call O'Grady. He may smash down the door for you, but as long as Mrs. Madden holds on to my gown she's safe from him. You can't touch her."

AND then what I was hoping for came to pass. He reached into his pocket and threatened me with a revolver.

"I guess this is better than a hundred O'Gradys," he said, leering at me. "Mrs. Madden—go to that door! As for you,—you sneak!—come across with that key. Quick!"

"Listen!" I said to him. "You were right when you said I made a false move in telling Mrs. Madden. You're right. It was a false move. But I'm going to rectify it. Find the key if you can. Search me if you like. Search the room. But I won't give it to you. I made Madden a promise. Either the dust stayed where it was, or his wife and children got it. I know where it is. She knows where it is. But you'll take neither of us to jail. Now, find your key!"

I threw up both hands and advanced on him. He came forward with the revolver leveled, and began to search my pockets. There was a key in one of them, a church key, as I well knew. I waited until his fingers closed on it and his eye no longer glanced down the barrel of his revolver. Then I caught the steel barrel with both hands and jerked it from him.

Of the fight that followed I remember little or nothing. I was a child in his hands, and he bore his heavy weight down upon me. As I fell I threw the revolver across the room. Then I felt him spring up, relieving my suffocation; but almost immediately there was a shot, and he was upon me again. I struggled with him, as I had struggled before; but this time I was the easy victor, throwing him off and tumbling him on his back. And when I looked down at his face, I saw it was that of a dead man.

I raised my eyes. Across the room stood Mrs. Madden, staring wide-eyed. As our eyes met, the revolver dropped to the floor. Outside I heard O'Grady yelling and pounding on the door.

And then I did that which earned me the disfavor of Rome. I sprang across, seized the revolver, and placed it in the dead man's right hand, closing the stiffening fingers over the butt. And, going to the window, I unbarred the shutters and called to O'Grady, who came at my call.

"The Captain's dead," I said, pointing. "He locked the door, and tried to bully Mrs. Madden into telling him something she did not know. When he laid hands on her, I attempted to prevent him. He drew a revolver, and I tried to take it away from him. It went off—you see it in his own hand."

WHILE O'Grady stared, open-mouthed, through the window I crossed to the body, rolled it over on one side, and drew from the pocket in which I had placed it the key to my door.

"You see," I said, holding it up before him.

And, as I turned the key in the lock and O'Grady entered, I smiled at him.

"And now, Michael," I said, "suppose you take Mrs. Madden and see her to the train. She's a little upset by what's happened and she's got to get to Gosport to-night."

Keepers of the Fire

By KATHERINE GLOVER

WHAT is this war on the other side of the world doing to women? How will it leave them when the guns have ceased firing and men go back to their hearthsides—or do not go back?

These are questions for the moment drowned by the roar of the guns, pushed to the background by the sharp, urgent demands of the men in the trenches and the wounded in the hospitals. But they are questions that will have to be answered at the end of the war.

If you should go suddenly into any one of the belligerent countries knowing nothing of the struggle, the faces of the refugee women would soon tell you that you had come in on hour of tragedy.

The word "refugee" takes on its full value when one looks into the haunted eyes of women who potter at make-believe home-making jobs in lonely herded places in Paris or the concentration camps in Holland; or when one listens to the story of Jeanne, a refugee from Arras.

I found Jeanne standing in the hallway of my sub-let apartment in Paris when I answered the ring of the bell one morning. She was hatless and breathless, and she looked at me with the patient, hurt eyes of an animal. She held out a little yellow card that said, "Jeanne Bonnefoy, refugee from Arras to the region of Haute-Loire."

Some one had told her I needed a *femme de ménage*. Would she do?

I was ashamed to have any one so eager for the scrap of work I had at command. Of course she would do. She tied on her apron and set to work. And when I left Paris hers was the last face I saw, with a look on it that I shall hope to recall if ever life should lose its savor.

It was little by little, through the two months she stayed with me, that I learned Jeanne's story. She would much rather talk to me of her cherished garden; of her wonderful four-poster bed, now a charred mass of ruins; or of the new blouse she had bought for her little boy, Gilbert, with the first few francs she had earned.

The Story of Jeanne Bonnefoy

WAR had come to her like a cloudburst, first in the vision of those gray-green columns sweeping toward Paris, and then in their return, when they intrenched themselves just beyond her lovely old city and set off their thundering guns. The shells from those guns gradually crept up to Jeanne's very doorstep. She and her three children lived on in the little house that sheltered the memories of her fifteen years of married life, most of the time hiding themselves in the cellar, her man coming home now and then from guard duty on the railway.

They walked in the street, to see neighbors fall at their feet, struck down by a bursting shell that only by chance chose its prey. In her simple peasant fashion, Jeanne tended wounded soldiers fresh from the firing-line; she even dug graves for the dead and buried them beneath the cabbages of her little garden.

Fate's Last Card

AT last it became no longer possible to live even in the cellar, and they had to set out as "refugees." But war was not through with them. Their boat, filled with fugitives, was torpedoed; and when at last they found themselves in the friendly shelter of a little village in the south of France, homeless, but out of earshot of the tormenting guns, there came word of an accident to Jeanne's husband, necessitating the amputation of an arm. With her little tribe, Jeanne journeyed to Paris to find him in a hospital to which he had been sent. It was the day after reaching Paris that she stood knocking at my door.

One morning I found her sobbing in the kitchen. The postman had brought a letter—it was a letter she had written to her father. Across the back was penciled, "Killed, July 15."

Fate had played the last card she had up her sleeve for Jeanne.

That day she wept as she finished her morning's work, but she put the same tireless energy into the scrubbing of my little kitchen, and took up her life with a valiant, unbroken spirit. "C'est la guerre," she said. Those words were on the lips and in the hearts of all the women of France.

It is stories like that of Jeanne, multiplied a hundredfold, that make up the broken drama of the great war.

One day I visited a hospital on the Champs Elysées. A nurse took me down a long hallway, turned a door-knob, and quietly beckoned me into a room flooded with the afternoon sun. On the bed lay the figure of a man, his face against the white pillow, still with the stillness of eternity, as if carved of marble; marked with the cruel scars of innumerable shells, the lids closed over eyes that were gone.

I stumbled out of the room blindly. For nights I lay wide-eyed, seeing before me that face, the story of that marble soldier repeating itself in my brain.

He was Alsatian, an Alsatian forced to fight against the country he loved. One day a shell exploded in the trench at his feet. He was left on the field for dead. The French picked him up later, with one arm gone, one leg torn away, and his eyes blinded forever.

He was brought from the field hospital to Paris, and placed amid the forsaken luxury of a Champs Elysées hotel, surrounded with tapestried walls and gilded ceilings.

There he lies through the days and nights, as he will lie through all the days and nights of his life, helpless. But the spirit within that body is not through giving yet. There is one thing that he can still do for France. He can hush his lips so that no word of the offending language of the invaders shall reach the ears of his nurses and doctors. French was forbidden in his school-boy days. He has no other than the language of their enemy. So, of his own will, he adds silence to his other hampering wounds.

After the first shock I was not sorry I had followed the nurse into that room; for, with all its mutilations, the face of that Alsatian was beautiful—beautiful and terrible. He became to me war visualized, reflecting all its barbarity, its mutilating power, its ruthless right to take men against their will as targets for the guns of the country they love, yet rousing in their souls in some mysterious way a courage, a spiritual flame, that belongs to the gods. That was war as I saw it in Europe.

Back of the Firing-Line

AT any railway station in any one of the fighting countries, when a train goes back to the front, you can read the first-hand vision of war back of the firing-line, where war is fought as surely as it is in the trenches. I stumbled upon it unexpectedly one midday at the Gare de l'Est in Paris. It was an unforgetable as the face of that blind Alsatian.

Eight hundred soldiers were going back to the front after their six or eight days' leave—the first glimpse their women and children had had of them for a year. The love, the sorrow, the terror, the courage of that crowd beat upon one in a wave of emotion.

In the foyer, along the aisles, on the quais, everywhere the crowds were thick, blue-coated soldiers with their knapsacks strapped to their backs, their rolled blankets, and their odd good-by war parcels. The coats of the soldiers, faded with the sun of more than a year, were shabby with service. Their faces were tanned, and even young faces were furrowed and lined. Clinging, hovering about them, were their women, their children, and their old fathers and mothers. There was a strange sameness in the groups into which the crowd separated.

Scenes in a Railway Station

EVERYWHERE the air threw back the same words: "*Au revoir*"; "*A bientôt*"; "*Bon courage*"; "*Bonne santé*." A symphony of war could be written around the tones of the repetition of those words. But no Beethoven or Wagner could crowd into them the tragic sadness, the uplifted courage, of the voices of those women who pressed close to the edge of the gate and watched their soldiers file back to the grim hazard of the trenches.

How that shabby, tired little woman and her bearded soldier cling to each other! It is as if, at the last, it is not possible to part. He stoops to his little girl for a long embrace, and as he bends the woman leans and kisses the back of his rough, tanned neck. She straightens, tearless. "*Au revoir*"—and he is gone.

Another soldier stands in the midst of three women, their faces swollen with weeping. He is making a bold effort at gaiety. "Why should you be so sad?" he says. "In two months it will all be over and I shall be back at home." But the women do not smile. Doubtless they heard those same words a year ago.

Off in the farthest corner is a young soldier and his sweetheart. The girl's face is white and drawn with terror. He lifts her two hands to his lips like flowers, tenderly, cherishingly, and kisses them one after the other. "*Bien courage, ma chérie*," I hear him say; and then, as he breaks away from the last embrace, "*A bientôt*."

She looks into his face as if she were looking into eternity, and then flutters to him a brave echo, "*A bientôt*."

Those women, some of them with faces carved of stone, some of them blind with weeping, some of them shrugging before this last ordeal, turned their tired, drooping backs and went on their way to

their empty homes, to their little shops and their heavy man's work.

In every war, while men have fought, women have always bound their wounds and kept burning the fires of the hearthside for them to come back to when the battling was ended. They have given themselves to these traditional tasks with a passionate zeal in this war; but with healing and succoring and strengthening the faith of their men, their service has not ended. They have stepped into the industrial breach and saved the commerce of their countries.

All Work Is Now Woman's Work

BY the thousands they have enlisted in the ranks of industry, untrained and unequipped, but with a zealous hunger for work. Germany, France, England, Russia, every country at war, sent out in the early days of mobilization a summons to its women to fill the posts left vacant by the men. Man's work? One no longer hears that phrase in Europe. There is no man's work or woman's work; it is all human work.

There has been nothing so remarkable in the whole chapter of war as this great woman force that has been set free—a force, physical and spiritual, of which the world had taken little measure. Hitherto it went largely into the sweeping of hearths and the mothering of children; but much of it was untapped, even unsuspected perhaps by the women themselves.

In the heart of each woman fulfilling some new post is a feeling of the relation of her little job to the great national pattern of defense. But it is even more than the burning hunger to help in a country's cause that has lent to women the exhaustless energy and the keen capacity they have shown in work that is new to them. It is the sudden taste of fresh achievement, the glow of developing unsuspected forces, the feeling of pushing forward with the world's marching army.

Everywhere women in the countries at war are working hours that are too long, under bad conditions, and for less money for the same work than men; but the change has come in taut times and under the prick of a tremendous national need. The adjustment must be worked out. Already there are judicial discussions and restless outcries for fair play. For the moment, it is enough, perhaps, that women have tasted the sweets of independence; though this independence has come at an hour when their hearts are too full of concern and sorrow to get the full flavor of it.

Even those soldiers' wives whose maternal and household duties fill all their time, have had, through the duration of the war, their fixed pay from the government for themselves and for each of their children, with the full responsibility of disbursing it. Many of these women have never before in their lives had so large an income to answer for.

Readjustments After the War

SIDE by side with the crushing sorrow, the homelessness, the humiliation, the loss of their men, the black hours of anguish and waiting, one must range the favors war has had to bestow on women. The colossal upheaval has juggled them into a thousand niches they would have waited a quarter, perhaps half a century to achieve by slow hammering at social conditions.

But already men are saying: "When war is ended, women will return to their homes and take up their old jobs; the posts they are filling temporarily must be saved for the soldiers that come back from the front."

It needs little imagination to see that there will be great and turbulent adjustments after this war, with women as well as with men—with women more than with men, because with women there is more to be adjusted.

Will those women that have grown used to the pulse of work in the outside world be ready to return to the old unrewarded indoor duties? Will the tremendous energy aroused among them and the new training they have gained ever be chained again to the traditional limitations of household and children?

When men lay down their swords and return to their plow-shares, it will be in thinned, enfeebled ranks. Women's hands will still be needed to keep the wheels turning. But, while they must continue to carry on the work of men, women will be called on from the house-tops to resume their primal work and bear more children to a depopulated world. Will they go back to their old duty as humbly, as singly as the world demands of them?

A woman of France robbed of one after another of her heart's own, given with the courage and acquiescence of the women of her country, said to me: "This war has taught me never again to care deeply for any one, that I may not suffer the torture of losing him."

Will these women who have paid the grim toll of war bring more children into the world to feed to the guns of later wars?

Will it not be borne in upon the minds of women that the urge to war came from the two countries of Europe where there is the highest birth-rate—from Germany and Russia? That France, with its small birth-rate, was the richest country per capita in Europe and one of the most peace-loving? Will not these facts have some significance to women who have been face to face with the intimate realities of economic and industrial life?

Men's wars will always be women's wars. But, with a larger and larger share in the burden of war, a growing knowledge of its causes and ends, the voice of women will grow stronger in protest; and, with increased industrial power in their hands, their voices will carry weight. And, as the wars of to-morrow depend on the babies of to-day, women have largely in their hands the power of future peace.

What Are Women Thinking?

WHILE above the very roar of the cannon the man-made sword rings out, "Go back and bear children," women are saying little—are thinking. And no doubt their thoughts come to this: That a nation overpopulated is a nation defensive and fearful, needing a club to guard its own food and industries, and to seize them from some weaker neighbor. That means militarism; and militarism, glorifying physical force, always carries in its trail the depreciation of women, the clipping of their wings to keep them in their nests and at the eternal job of bearing more children for larger and larger armies.

"Go back and bear plentiful children." To sparse food, and depleted, overtaxed homes, and to fathers weakened by the strain of war?

The hearts of the women of Europe are lonely, but they have had time to ponder and look into the future. They have found new arguments against war in the stain and mutilated bodies of the sons they have borne and the men they have loved; and they have gained new force wherewith to back their arguments in the fresh knowledge of their powers that the test of war has awakened in them.

He Filled His Carpet-Bag with Gold

By JAMES HAY, Jr.

Joseph M. Flannery beat a British syndicate to a valuable vanadium mine in the Andes because in his school days he had been a good amateur stage manager. He knew that $10,000 in gold looks prettier and better to most people than a promise of a $100,000 check later.

THE young Irishman standing in the doorway of his hotel in Lima, Peru, was red-haired, square-jawed, deep-chested, and—bewildered. He had traveled all the way from Pittsburgh to buy for $20,000 a mine which, according to a report made six months before by his company's expert, was held for $150,000. During the long trip he had revolved in his mind scheme after scheme for acquiring the property—and still he was bewildered.

Suddenly a new idea struck him. Snapping his fingers, he called a carriage, drove to a little store, and purchased an old-fashioned carpet-bag. With this he went to the bank where he had deposited the day before his letter of credit. He set the telescope on the counter near the cashier's window, took off the top, and said:

"Fill this with twenty thousand dollars in gold—small gold pieces."

He strapped the top on the carpet-bag, lugged his burden back to the carriage, and ordered the driver to the office of the man who owned the mine. The mine owner had a secretary who spoke both English and Spanish. The young Irishman entered and placed the telescope on the floor near the Peruvian's desk.

The introductions having been made and the identifications established by the interpreter in an atmosphere full of courtesy and cigarette smoke, the Irishman reached down swiftly, lifted the telescope to the big flat-top desk, undid the straps, and poured out the flood of gold. An eighteen-inch ruler was on the desk. The Irishman seized that and, with one quick stroke, divided the gold in half.

Then, looking the Peruvian in the eye pleasantly, he said:

"That half for the purchase of your mine—this half to improve the working of it—and you get a good job at a big salary to run it for our company."

The Peruvian looked blank, inhaled a great volume of smoke, heard what the interpreter had to say, got to his feet, and held out his hand.

"Done!" he said with emphasis. Although he said it in Spanish, the Irishman knew in advance what he meant.

"What lawyer do you want to draw up the papers?" inquired the Peruvian.

"Your lawyer," replied the Irishman, suddenly endowed with Latin-American suavity and Latin-American suppleness of waist, "is a good enough lawyer for me."

A little while later, as the two men strolled up the street toward the lawyer's office, a messenger came out of the telegraph office with a cablegram for the Peruvian. It was an offer of more than $100,000 from a British syndicate for the mine. The Peruvian tore up the piece of paper, shrugged his shoulders, and said:

"It is a good offer, but too late."

Started with a Coal Mine

THAT, in brief, is the history of how Joseph M. Flannery of Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, established the success and made the fortune of the American Vanadium Company, which he organized in 1907. It is also an indication of his commanding personality and magnetism.

Three years before, he had been obscure and unknown in Pittsburgh. One day he discovered that he had saved up eleven thousand dollars. He found a friend whose savings were about the same.

"The time has come," said Flannery, "for us to get out and make good. Do you know where we can get a coal mine?"

The friend knew. They got the mine. Six months later an employee of the mine approached Flannery with the drawings of a bolt which he said would revolutionize the construction of locomotive fire-boxes.

"It will do that very thing," agreed Flannery, after studying the problem.

He organized the Flannery Bolt Company; and to-day practically all locomotives built in the United States have fire-boxes equipped with those bolts.

Then it was that he reached his decision about vanadium. He demonstrated to himself and to a few other men that vanadium, as an alloy for steel, would revolutionize many branches of the steel trade. He visited Henry Ford and convinced him that automobiles could be made more serviceable and lighter with the aid of vanadium steel. He had similar experiences with other manufacturers.

Arose then the problem of where to get enough vanadium to supply the demand. North America and South America were searched by scouts, and at last the report came in that for $150,000 the most remarkable vanadium mine in the world could be acquired, and that it was located in the Andes. But the company did not have that much money. That was why Flannery, boosted up by his optimism, went all the way to Lima to dump a telescope full of gold on the Peruvian's desk. To-day eleven thousand llamas carry the ore from the mines to tide-water for shipment to this country.

In 1911 Flannery decided that radium could be manufactured from the carnotite ore found in Colorado. He made up his mind to get the radium out of carnotite because, when his sister had been suffering a year before from a fatal disease for which radium was said to be the only cure, he had found it impossible to secure the precious element for her relief.

On Christmas morning of 1912 one of the officials of the radium company came to Flannery and announced:

"Here's a Christmas present for you, Mr. Flannery. It's a few milligrams of real radium. We've got it at last."

Still He's Not Satisfied

BUT Flannery is not satisfied with revolutionizing the construction of locomotive fire-boxes, the introduction of vanadium steel, and the manufacture of radium. He is now working to develop the commercial use of another ore—uranium—in steel and other metals. His old mettle and this new metal, they say, will produce the desired results.

Flannery's ability to stand up under hard work is practically unlimited. I once asked a Pittsburgher how many hours a day Flannery worked.

"I believe," replied the Pittsburgher, "that twenty-four are the most hours he ever worked in one day."

You Can Make a Fortune at Almost Anything

Photographs from H. J. Lantz.

"I NEVER had any business training, and at first I knew nothing but grief. Now I have a touring car," says Mrs. H. J. Lantz of Hastings, Nebraska. Mrs. Lantz had not enough to do, with only a husband, three children, her church work, and her woman's club activities to attend to. She heard that three men had failed in the merchants' delivery system in her town. Considering this an admirable omen, she took over the whole business, with its ten wagons, horses, mules, and delivery boys. In six years she has proved to all the 11,000 inhabitants the utter nervous exhaustion inevitably following the carrying of bundles. Now all packages are delivered on a four-times-a-day schedule with regular hours.

Photograph by Falk.

TWENTY years ago C. F. Mueller inherited from his father a noodle factory. At that time the noodle and its little brother, the spaghetti, occupied but a humble social station in American life. But times have changed. To-day in New York special policemen are assigned to suppress riots before the doors of the spaghetti palaces, where millionaires wrestle with opera stars to be first in line for a table; and as for the noodle, Mr. Mueller has raised it to an equally aristocratic plane. Ninety to a box, he turns them out twenty million boxes a year.

"WHERE are the frankfurters of yesterday?" sang the muse. That is the only thing about frankfurters that Harry M. Stevens does not know. For twenty-three years Mr. Stevens has supplied frankfurters to Saratoga, Juarez, the Chicago Coliseum, the Madison Square Garden, and the ten thousand New York office-boys (bless 'em). Frankfurters are the most democratic delicacies, and Mr. Stevens has no desire to turn their heads by even suggesting their début among the élite.

Photograph by Harris & Ewing.

HENRY WARDMAN always hit the nail on the head, so now he's a millionaire carpenter of Washington. His life has fulfilled all the requirements for a successful self-made man. Coming from England as a stowaway, he arrived in New York with the orthodox sum of $1.75 in his pockets. When he got a job in a contractor's office, he worked nights at the carpenter's trade instead of going to the burlesque. His hundreds of workmen have struck only once—when he cut off their supply of beer.

"I WANT to be, I want to be, away down South in Dixie, where the hens are dogmous glad to lay scrambled eggs in the new-mown hay." Mr. Berlin made $20,000 or so on this trifle in syncopation. Of course, Mr. Berlin has his limitations. He can't even play his own works. He hums them or sings them, and his ragtime secretary transcribes them.

CARL SCHOLZ is the Florence Nightingale of hogs. In some peculiarities of the shale in a coal mine that was just about to be abandoned he discovered a cure for hog cholera. And he has found another advantage to be gained from this shale. After American laboratories had declared his idea impossible, a German chemist bore him out in the theory that an excellent paint pigment can be made from it. Mr. Scholz estimates the profits at $20,000,000. We trust he will not forget the hogs in these other possibilities.

Photograph by Moffett.

The Woman Who Cleans Your House

By ANNE HERENDEEN

SPEAKING of cleaning up in general and in particular, do you need a union-made homeworker? A tall, thin one who can spy out the dust on the picture-molding? A round, cheery one who will entertain you with sprightly personal anecdotes the while she sets the table for luncheon? At all events, one who will *really* show up at eight o'clock on the morning appointed?

Any kind, every kind: Miss Gertrude Stein, who runs the Bureau for Homeworkers at the Hudson Guild, New York, has 3000 of them on tap in her trusty card-index.

Mrs. R. de Peyster Browne calls it "getting a good cleaning-woman"; Miss Stein calls it "placing a worker"; Mrs. Murphy and Mrs. Flannigan, of the Homeworkers' Union Club, call it "gettin' a nice job be the day"; students of such things call it "the inevitable return of woman to industry."

Whatever one calls it, Miss Stein, the gentle but firm buffer between feminine employers and employees, has anything but a dull time of it placing 50 fastidious women cleaners and laundresses with as many fractious mistresses.

First of all, if you are a person of kindly instincts and fair health, but without marked talent for fiction writing or painting in oils, and your husband has died or has vanished, and you have a number of children, most of them at work during the day and the others of day-nursery age, you drop in at the Hudson Guild and pass the time o' day with Miss Stein. Miss Stein makes a number of notes on a card during your conversation, and finally she tells you about the Homeworkers' Union Club and its rules for workers, which read something like this:

A day's work begins at 8 A. M. and stops at 5 P. M. Begin as punctually as you step. The payment for a day's work is at the rate of 20 cents an hour ($1 for less than half a day). It includes washing, cleaning, and cooking. Be obliging.

Do not disappoint a customer if you can possibly help it. Telephone or send word if you can not go to a place.

The Homeworkers' Union Club meets every other Wednesday at the Guild.

Sometimes the discussions at the H. U. C. wax very animated. There is no place where conservatism stands intrenched more firmly than in a group of home and office workers. Mistresses are an unorganized class and have many idiosyncrasies that from time to time Miss Stein is hard put to it to explain.

Why They Wouldn't Work for Her

THERE was the wife of that prominent artist, for example. Worker after worker went to her—and threw up the job without explanation after the first half day's work. When the club met, Miss Stein, in the chair, called for an explanation. Why would no one work for that charming lady in her lovely studio? Finally it came out. "Mrs. B—— (and I'm sure I beg your pardon for mentioning it, Miss, the trush of it all is, Mrs. B—— *smokes cigarettes!*"

Then there is the mistress who lets her wash accumulate for three weeks and expects a club member to get it all out of the way in a morning. There is the mistress who insists on keeping a woman overtime when she knows—or, at least, she has been told—that day nurseries close at six and Mrs. Flannigan must fetch little Michael and Mary before that time and take them home and give them their supper.

Then, there is that everlasting bugaboo, the mistress who lives in the Bronx and "wants a woman for a half day." Supplying her needs means rising before dawn when one has a family breakfast to get and a house to rid up before starting. Sure, it's a good hour's journey by elevated to that strange part of the city, where all the streets have names instead of numbers and run every which way at once.

Again, there is the mistress who "stands over" one.

Most of the homeworkers are the Bridgets and Ellens who once, in dimples and fresh white aprons, opened the door for you when you went to call on that young lady in the suburbs. Time passed and they married. They had homes of their own now, and a life job keeping house and raising a brood of children for that awkward young fellow they'd been "keeping company" with. But the marriage job is the most precarious job in the market. In fifteen or twenty years' time those Bridgets and Ellens are back, hammering away again at the gates of industry. And their market value has not been increasing. Sickness and poverty have paid their respects in the meantime, and more than once the ten-cent pint flask of whisky has loomed up as Bridget's best friend.

Plenty of Work

YET there is plenty of work, good, plain, honest work, if a body can find it.

The answer is in employment bureaus run free of charge by some one with intelligence and intuition. Miss Stein can tell at once when she has a bride at the other end of the wire, and never makes the mistake of sending her a worker too old for the bride to order about, or too fat to work comfortably in the tiny bath-room. Nor does she waste her best worker on the artistic type of mistress who is just as contented with a lick and a promise.

The Hudson Guild employment depot has recently been made a branch of the New York City Employment Bureau—a step that has further raised its prestige, and given the women who register there the feeling that it is a mechanism which belongs to them and is worthy of their respect and loyalty.

The Mystery at Woodford's

By WADSWORTH CAMP

Illustration by Arthur I. Keller

"Daily screamed her line. 'Marjorie! Look out!' Barbara shrank against the wall. Carlton started forward. Suddenly the candlestick slipped from his hand; his voice died away. He toppled—crashed to the stage."

QUAILE waited, shrinking from a return of the limping footsteps. At last he relaxed. With uncertain fingers he fumbled for a match and struck it.

The light was somewhat reassuring. It gave him courage. The ghost of Bertrand Woodford, who had been dead forty years! He sneered. He told himself that his nerves had played him tricks,—that he could have heard nothing beyond Mike's shrill cry.

Then, as he swung on McHugh, there came again from the dark wings that incoherent crying. He saw McHugh's white face and his hand, trembling a little, as it grasped the side of his chair, and he knew that his imagination had not wholly deceived him. The match went out.

McHugh sprang up, grasped Quaile's elbow, and drew him to his feet.

"Another match," he whispered.

Quaile took another from his pocket and struck it. The matter-of-fact manager waited for no more. He sprang to the orchestra rail, vaulted the footlights, and hurried to the stage door. Quaile, carefully preserving the tiny flame, followed him.

The clearer air of the alley and the narrow, remote ribbon of sky were, to an extent, curative.

The old property-man stood crouched against the wall of the loft building, his face hidden in his hands. Tommy, McHugh's flashy young assistant, was a dark shadow at his side. Quaile heard the little fellow say:

"Geest, Mike! What'd you see?"

"I didn't see anything," Mike answered, his voice on the edge of another sob, "but I felt and I heard. Didn't you hear anything, Mr. McHugh?"

HIS voice gathered strength:

"Mr. Quaile! Didn't you hear anything?"

McHugh gave Quaile no opportunity to answer. He shook Mike's shoulder.

"What'd'ye mean about feeling and hearing? Open up, now. What scared you?"

Mike straightened.

"I heard you speak, Mr. McHugh. You said something about the ghost of Mr. Woodford. And then the lights went out. Everything was dark, and you called me to get to the switchboard. I didn't want to go, because it wasn't natural, the border flashing out that way. Why should it go out, Mr. McHugh?"

"I'm no wire-hanger," McHugh grumbled. "Go on—go on."

"I started for the board," Mike continued. "I was facing away from the door, so I couldn't see anything. Nothing felt right. I had to stop. Then I heard him—I mean, I heard somebody walking with a limp; and I heard the cat. I felt it rub against my leg. I couldn't stand it, Mr. McHugh. I guess I gave a holler, and then I ran out. It was just like he had come out of his dressing-room when you spoke his name."

McHUGH turned with an exclamation and stalked down the alley. The others filed through the narrow opening in the sidewalk at his heels. The light dazzled. The electric sign of the motion-picture house opposite performed elaborately. Street cars, overloaded and suffocating, jerked forward a few yards at a time. The old theater alone presented a somber fissure in this wall of brightness.

"Look around," the manager cried. "Got the nerve to tell me out here that they ever come back?"

But Mike, although the street had brought a look of uncertainty to his face, was not so easily released from his fear.

"I heard him," he persisted sullenly.

McHugh burst into unaffected laughter. He fled glibly.

"Now I see what's biting you. You had me so worked up, I didn't get you at first. Lights went out. All right. That's up to Tommy and you for letting those electricians get away with a rotten job. Then you heard somebody limping around."

He laughed again. Mike's eyes widened.

"Limping around!" McHugh guffawed. "That was me, Mike—nobody but little me. Haven't you known me long enough?"

Continued on page 24

READ THIS: THEN START THE STORY

WOODFORD'S has been closed for a long time. Forty years ago the great actor for whom the theater was built was at the height of his popularity. He guarded his favorite role in "Coward's Fare" jealously even when he became ill, insisting on limping through his part, to the end. He died on the stage while playing it, when his pet cat refused to leave the actor's body until it was buried. There is a superstition that the ghosts of the actor and cat haunt the old theater, and that evil is sure to befall any one who attempts to play Woodford's role. Notwithstanding this, Arthur McHugh, a theatrical manager who was formerly head of a detective bureau, determines to revive "Coward's Fare" and chooses Richard Quaile, a successful young playwright, to bring it up to date. Barbara Morgan is given the leading woman's part, and, to lend atmosphere, McHugh engages Dolly Tinsley, who played in the original cast, and Woodford's property-man, Mike Brady. Woodford's own part is given to Harvey Carlton. The lease of the theater is obtained with difficulty from the owners—Josiah Bunce, an eccentric old man who rarely leaves his house, and his slightly younger brother Robert, a man about town. McHugh and Quaile, accompanied by Mike Brady, go to look over the theater. Just as McHugh is standing sneeringly to Woodford's ghost, the lights suddenly go out; and in the darkness they distinctly hear limping footsteps crossing the stage, followed by the furtive pattering of a cat. From the wings comes hysterically a sound of sobbing.

What Men Hate in Women

Photograph by the Vitagraph Company.

IT is 8:15, and the taxicab is singing songs of impatience to itself outside under the porte-cochère. The box-office man said he wouldn't hold the tickets after eight, and father has just concluded a half hour's febrile search for his dress-shirt studs. Then in rustles mother, on her lips the saddest words of tongue or pen: "All ready for you to hook me, Ben."

Photograph by Brown Brothers.

ALL very chic, no doubt, this sort of thing; but call to your minds, ladies, the other side of the picture. Consider those eight beautiful children, unkempt, uncurled, waiting at the gate for the mother who does not come; the chocolate layer cake burning to a cinder in the oven; the dusty embroidery-frame, the silent melodeon, the motionless rocking-chair. Hats off, gentlemen, to the learned English legal profession, which under no circumstances will admit women to the bar.

Photograph by the Vitagraph Company.

ELEVEN other directors are pacing the floor in the next room, waiting for Mr. Browne. The office-boy is frantically endeavouring to keep order among the dozens of customers outside panting to place orders. *Mrs. B.* (who has just run in to surprise her husband): "Such a bargain all hand-embroidered and whom do you think I saw she used to be so pretty too imagine those wide skirts being in again oh dear those broilers in the oven have I crumpled your letters so long excuse haste."

Photograph by the Vitagraph Company.

TWENTY years ago this wife would have been contentedly hemming red flannel petticoats for the heathen of New Guinea in the cosy circle of the parlor lamp. Now her one thought after the evening finger-bowls is, Where shall we dance to-night? All too few are the husbands bold enough and firm enough to conquer the dance microbe, once it has entered a peaceful home. Rise, fellow masculinists! United, we drive by the fire: divided, we one-step.

Photograph by Paul Thompson.

EVERY bank president remembers how it felt. He was earning $12 a week at the time, and studying double-entry bookkeeping nights. Half his salary went regularly to his aged mother, and half was devoted to putting his twin sisters through college. He has taken The Girl to lunch on $2 unexpectedly earned by saving Mrs. Hetty Green's life in a subway accident. Now she is telling him how she loves nature, orchids especially. Avoid the nature-loving young lady, lads. Linger only beside those that are perfectly healthy.

Photograph by Paul Thompson.

THIS is probably the way the Roman matrons ate breakfast just before the fall of their home town. Served 'em right, too. Us for the young wife who may be heard up caroling over her hot muffins at 7 A. M. Before even considering any of your proposals this year, gentlemen, insist upon a photograph taken early in the morn, and look carefully for the smile and the crisp pink gingham frock.

Famous B

Photograph from World Syndicate.

THOSE notable first-aids to matchmakers, Friday to Tuesday week-ends and eleven to twelve office hours, have never meant anything in ex-Postmaster General Frank H. Hitchcock's life. He thinks that every year has 365 exceptionally busy days in it, and it is rumored that his office-boys practise stenography all through the lunch hour. Still, he is only forty-nine, and the Wilson administration has somewhat lessened his activities, and so—the marriage license bureau closes at noon Saturdays, Mr. Hitchcock!

GEORGE ADE, the Hoosier playwright and humorist, is fond of children and farming, but his farm near Kokomo, Indiana, which is replete with the ideal features of domesticity, is noticeably lacking in women's pictures. Only the photographs of Elsie Janis and Dorothy Tennant, who took leading parts in his plays, grace his walls. Perhaps he lost favor among women in general with the couplet:

"O happy fast-approaching day when woman has her own sweet way!
Within six months our country's flag will be a talcum-powder rag."

© Harris & Ewing.

Photograph from Bain's Brothers.

JOHN T. McCUTCHEON, cartoonist and war correspondent, says that he is a "five foot six bachelor, which is better than a six foot two married man." Most of his forty-six years have been spent among surroundings that people designate as "no place for a woman"—in the Philippines with Admiral Dewey, in the jungles of Africa, and at the front in Germany. Once it was announced in a Chicago paper that he would wed. To the reporters he said: "I can not discuss the matter." The wealthy father said: "You may ask my daughter." The beautiful daughter said: "It is the first I have heard of the matter."

Photograph by Paul Thompson.

"IT is whispered," is the way scores of newspaper stories about James Clark McReynolds, Associate Justice of the Supreme Court, begin; but he still valiantly maintains his bachelorhood. There was the rumor about Speaker Champ Clark's daughter Genevieve. Judge McReynolds and she were chatting about the weather one evening at a ball, when a young man approached and reminded her that it was his fox-trot. Miss Clark confessed that she didn't dance the new dances. "Fine! You are the girl for me," exclaimed our bachelor, and next morning, with one accord, "It is whispered—" decorated the papers.

Photograph by Paul Thompson.

THE Duke of the Abruzzi has achieved honors in science and [illegible] ing. He has achieved the leadership of the Italian Navy. But [illegible] achieved marriage. Every one remembers when he was engaged [illegible] Elkins, beautiful, athletic, and American. But the dowager Qu[illegible] jected to the marriage, and the Duke's romance didn't end a [illegible] seller; he has remained a bachelor, and when Miss Elkins became [illegible] F. R. Hitt, the Duke, it is recorded, "displayed no chagrin."

chelors

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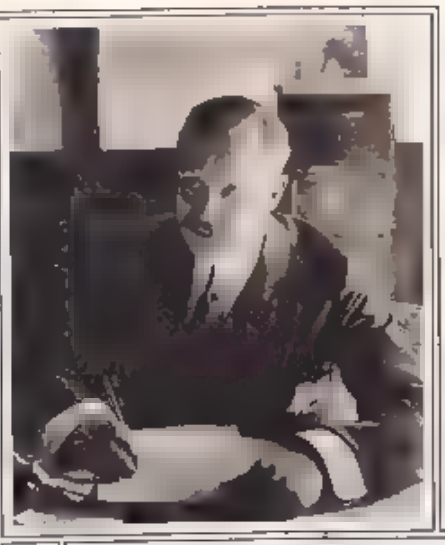

FRANCIS W CROWNINSHIELD, the editor of *Vanity Fair* and the best man-nered man in New York is fifty years a bachelor and we wonder why. He is an advocate of suitable rubber games on chartaup, an admirer of women, a suffragist. "If American men," he has said, "helped American women as much in their business as the women help the men in their offices, there would be no bar-rooms and no divorces. He warns girls against the suitor who gives useful presents—washing-machines, electric irons, and the like. True love, he says, gives theater tickets and flowers. Bachelor that he is, he still dares confess. "I remember once playing Indian with the three small brothers of a wholly angelic being. Greater love than this hath no man"

© Brown Brothers

SAYS Frank A. Munsey, the publisher and banker who came to New York thirty-four years ago with less than $40 in his pocket, and who now has a yearly income of a million dollars: "I have had no time to be last twelve years to circle the earth in pursuit of a woman. My only pursuit has been that of my business. At that rate, Mr. Munsey, there is still hope for you during one year in every four

Photograph by Brown Brothers

THE enigma of the English Army, cold, silent, impenetrable, indifferent to popularity, Earl Kitchener, is sixty-six years old and has always been noticeably unmarried. Yet

"Gold lace has a charm for the fair,
And he's plenty of that and to spare."

Once a press American reporter asked him if he was a woman-hater. "No," he answered; "I have never married, because I believe that a man can not be a good soldier and a good husband at the same time.

Photograph by Brown Brothers

Photograph by Paul Thompson

ELEANOR SEARS of Beacon Street, Boston, appeared as a fashionable polo game several years ago on riding trousers, and earned the title of "Fashionable Tomboy." Her game of golf and tennis, her riding and swimming have kept her constantly in the public eye, and her name has been linked with many famous sportsmen. Claude Grahame-White and Harold S. Vanderbilt were once named as possible fiancés. It was said that Paul J. Rainey went on his famous explorations to prove something or other to her; but, in spite of them, she is still happily unmarried.

Photograph by International Film Service

ALEXANDER SMITH COCHRAN, the owner of the famous carpet factories at Yonkers, is thirty-five—old barely old enough to be a bachelor. However when a man is handsome, worth between thirty and forty million dollars, the owner of town and country houses and of private yachts, he is reproachfully called a bachelor on his twenty-first birthday. It is for the benefit of him and his ilk that statistics are compiled to show that bachelors don't live nearly so long as married men.

Leap-Year Brides

THERE yet remain seven months of this leap year of our Lord 1916. As an encouragement to the thousands of girls who almost dare but not quite, we print these pictures of heroic maidens. "I see nothing to be reticent about," says Miss Corfine Montrose of Kansas. "Jim had proposed to me, but I wasn't sure. Then word came that he had been badly hurt at the mines. I knew he would never ask me again. So I just went down on my knees at his bed and said, 'I will marry you.' 'Well, I guess not!' Jim exclaimed. 'You won't marry a cripple.' Then I lost my temper. 'You've got to,' I cried; 'I'll make you.' That's how we became engaged.

Photograph from J. B. Henderson

SAID the father-in-law to be to Mr. Earl Edwards: "I'll have an son-in-law who is not worth $10,000." Responded Earl Edwards gloomily: "All right. I'll do no more proposing on your front porch." Then out from behind the rubber plant stepped Ruth, and said: "You get the $10,000, Earl, and I'll do the next proposing. Now, it happened that a certain railroad, extending its lines, pushed right through the 160 acres that Earl owned and valued at something like $2 an acre. Up jumped the price to $21,000. Earl said, And out from behind the rubber plant again stepped Ruth, as good as her word.

Photograph from J. B. Henderson

IT took only a very little of the well known feminine intuition to tell Miss Norma Barrow why Archie Castrel didn't propose. She knew he was thinking about the high cost of living and the Saturday night envelop. One Saturday, after they had said good night, Archie's telephone rang. Yes, you've guessed it: it was Norma. "Why, hello, Norma. What in the world—nothing wrong, I hope?" "Yes, there is, Archie. Why don't we get married? We can't go on keeping company forever. And as for finances, I'm willing to take the chance if you are." So they were married, and have already lived happily for four months ever afterward.

Photograph from C. H. Williams

JULIA BARTLETT just naturally got tired of being "David Reynolds' housekeeper." She had brought up his three motherless children, and they loved her dearly. David was fond of her too, she knew. She thought it over the whole afternoon as her darning, and at supper-time her mind was made up. David," she said, when the dishes were out of the way, "this is leap year. I want a home. You may have to look for another housekeeper."

"What is the matter with this home?" said David. "Well," said Julia, "I want a husband."

"What's the matter with me?" said David. Now they are married, and we don't quite know whether Mrs. Reynolds belongs on this page or not. But we took a chance.

Photograph from Mary E. Needham

THE other six brides on this page proposed on grounds of expediency. Inez Milholland, lawyer and lecturer, did it on principle. It is one of the planks in her feminist platform. "A woman should make up her mind what she wants, and go after it just as a man does," says the young lady. Also, she must be game enough to stand it if she gets turned down. But Eugene Schoevain is a wise Dutchman, and he did not turn down "the most beautiful suffragette in America, as the papers frequently call his wife.

© International News Service

MISS SALLIE ELDORA BROWN is a practical young Kentuckian of few words. "It was Valentine's Eve," she says. "I just asked Jim to marry me, and he said, 'Yes, I will,' and that's all there was to it. Not quite all, however. There were the wedding presents—among them 1,000 pounds of lard, two settings of eggs, a mule, and a saxophone. Having arranged all their gifts tastefully, Mr. and Mrs. James Herbert Twaddell are making their new home in Hopkinsville, Kentucky.

Photograph from J. R. Schmidt

MISS VIOLET HERSEREAU hasn't proposed to any one yet, but she's going to. The Universal Film Company wants another handsome hero for its film dramas, and Miss Mersereau is a very loyal member of the company. So she said that if they went ahead and held a handsomest man contest she would offer her heart and hand to the prize-winner. The Universal has just engaged another dozen stenographers to take care of the entrant lists.

Torchy Follows a Hunch

By

SEWELL FORD

"*Tidman, could you manage to make this young man understand that I don't care to be bothered with such rot?*"

IT was a case of hurry hurry from the seventeenth floor of the corrugated Trust Building. There was simplex. Old Hickory was making a break temperature of 210 or so, and there was no telling what minute he might fuse a cylinder head or blow out a cylinder head.

The trouble seemed to be that one of his pet schemes was in danger of being ditched. Some kind of an electric power distributin' stunt it is, one that he'd dopped out durin' a Western trip last summer, just a little sky-play with a few hundred square miles of real estate, incidentally the buildin' of twenty or thirty miles of trolley and plantin' a few factories here and there.

The new boss is Ballinger our Western passenger man on the carpet tryin' to explain why he can't be done. He's been at it for two hours, helped out by a big consultin' engineer and the chief attorney of our Chicago branch. They've waved blueprint maps, sworn affidavit reports of experts, and put in all kinds of evidence to show that the scheme has either got to be revised richest or else shucked.

"I'm sorry, Mr Ellins," says Ballinger "but we have done our best."

But" snaps Old Hickory "It's all wastin' land, isn't it? Of course he'll sell. What's to prevent?"

"Here comes Ballinger pawin' over some figures "It T Waldo Pettigrew Lives up New York who is at least his attorneys say her And this is all we have ever been able to get out of them a flat No And he slides an envelop across the mahogany table

"But what's his reason?" demands Old Hickory Why? That's what I want to know"

BALLINGER shrugs one shoulder. "As near as I can make out," says he, "the above-named is an average New Yorker

"Hah!" snorts Old Hickory "I've more than one side of his investment that is more typical of the top-notch magnate and public-utilities drone. Average New Yorker Listen Ballinger There's no such thing as an average New Yorker. Each one is just as different, and just as interesting as anybody else. In other words they're human. And this Pettigrew person you seem to think such a strange and peculiar individual. What's he been up to?"

"According to the deeds," says Ballinger "he is the son of Thomas J and Mary Ann Pettigrew both deceased. He is conveyed Mr. Drew & Mott. They were all more than absolutely refuses to sell any land anywhere. They have written them three times. They have declined to discuss any proposition. And there you are."

"You mean," snorts Old Hickory "that there you are."

"If you can suggest any thing further" begins Ballinger we shall be glad to

"I have" breaks in Old Hickory "You'd a good deal scarcely a few days months and let those international Power people jump in ahead of us. Not, thanks. I intend to see this thing go through now. Is there who have we in the office who's not especially busy? Oh, yes, Torchy I say, young man! You—Torchy

"Calling me, sir?" says I, slidin' out of my chair and into the next room prompt

Old Hickory nods

"Find that man Pettigrew," says he, soon's over the letter "He owns some land we need There's a map of it, also a memorandum of what we're willing to pay Report to-morrow"

"Yes, sir" says I "What me to close the deal by then?"

Maybe they didn't catch the flicker under those bushy eyebrows. But I did, and I knew he was goin' to back my play

"Any time before five will do" says he. "Wait! You'd better take a check with you

"If we was lookin' to get any gaps out of that bunch we had another guess comin' They knew Old Hickory's fondness for cradin' on its regardless and that he didn't always pull it off. The engineer humps his eyebrows sarcastic, while Ballinger and the lawyer swaps a quiet smile

"Then perhaps we had best stay over and take the deeds back with us," says Ballinger

"Do," snaps Old Hickory. "You can approve the line hunting for your average New Yorker. Here you are, Torchy"

I SAY he's a game old sport Mr Ellins. He plays a hundred-to-one shot like he was puttin' money on a favorite. And as waves me on my way with never a wink of those keen eyes

"Gee" thinks I "Billed for a masked marvel act ain't I? Well, that beats the game. This is where I get next to Pettigrew or tear something loose."

Didn't need any seventeen-sun work to locate him. The phone book shows he lives on Madison Avenue. Seemed much enough. But this was no time to risk bein' turned out by a cold-eyed butler You can't breeze into them old brownstone fronts on your nerve. What I needed was credentials. The last place I'd be likely to get 'em would be Mott, Drew & Mott's, so I goes there first. N I didn't hypnotize anybody. I simply wrote out an application for a job on the firm's stationery, and as they was generous with it I dashes off another note which I tucks in my pocket. Nothing else by required Why, say I could ha' walked out with the letter file and the safe combination if I'd wanted to.

So when I rings the bell up at Mr. Pettigrew's I has something besides hot air to shave at Perkins. He quadlies in the old family servant class right off, for as soon as he lamps the name printed on the envelop corner he swings the door wide open, and inside of two minutes I'm holdin' anticipated appearance in the library at the bank "From your attorneys, sir." Which, as far as I guess, is showin' some speed, eh?

Yes-sih. That's the way I felt about it. All I asked was to be put next to the Pettigrew party Not that I had any special spell in work off on him, but, as Old Hickory said, he must be human, and if he was, why— Well, about then I began to get the full effect of the weird, double-barreled stare,

NOW, I don't mind takin' the once-over from a single pair of short-sighted peepers, but to find yourself been inspected through two sets of barn windows-

[illegible] seemed like as not it was [illegible] a pinched nose from one to the other of those solemn-lookin' parties ranged behind the book barricade, and then takes a chance that the one with the sharp nose and the dust-colored hair is T Waldo.

"Mr Pettigrew?" says I, smilin friendly and winnin'

"Not at all," says he, a bit pettish.

"Oh, yes," says I, turnin' to the broken-nosed one with the wavy black pompadour effect. "*Of course.*"

He's some younger than the other in the late twenties, I should judge, and has sort of a stern, haughty stare.

"Why—of course?" he demands.

"Eh?" says I. "Why—er—well, you've got my note, ain't you, there in your hand?"

Yes says he. "Rather a clever device on you, Tidman?"

"I shouldn't say so," croaks the other "Quite over me in fact I—I was not to see you

"Oh, but you're such a deepedly keen chap," protests Waldo. Then he swings back to me. "From my attorneys?"

"Just came from there," says I.

"Odd" says he. "I don't remember having seen you before."

"That's right," says I. "You see Mr Pettigrew I'm really representin' the [illegible] Trust and

"Don't know at all [illegible]

"That's why I'm here" says I. "Now, here's our proposition."

And say before he can get his brain or duck under the table, I've spread out the blueprints and am shootin' the proposition stuff into him at the rate of two hundred words to the minute

Yes, I must admit, I was feedin' him a classy spiel, and I was just browsin' the gears to a high-high for a straightaway spurt when all of a sudden I gets the hunch I ain't makin' half the hit I hoped I was. It's no false alarm, either T Waldo's gone a-getting sterner every minute, and he seems to be sufferin' from the neck-down.

"I say" he breaks in. "are—are you trying to sell me something"

"Me?" says I. "Gosh, no! I hadn't quite got to that part, but my idea is to give you a chance to unload something on us. 'This Apache Creek land if yours."

"Really" says Waldo. "I don't follow you at all. My land?"

"Sure!" says I. "As this shaded plan This shows the know you as it says owner of record in the deed on file in the subway But if you'll swap it for preferred stock in our power company—"

"No," says he, crisp and snappy "I owned some mining stock once, and it was a fearful nuisance Every few months they wanted me to pay something on it until I finally had to burn the stuff up.

"That's one way of gettin' rid of bum shares," says I. "But look this is a slam-bam gold mine. This is no close-down a sound business proposition backed by one of the

"PARDON me," says T Waldo, glarin analyzed through the big panes, "but I don't care to have shares in anything

"Oh, very well," says I: "We'll settle on a cash basis then. Now, you've got no use for that tract. We have Course we can get other land just as good, but yours is the handiest if you've ever tried to work it up any on you know you couldn't get a dollar an acre. We'll give you five

"Please go away," says he.

"Make it six," says I. "Now, that tract measures up about"

"Tidman" cuts in Mr. Pettigrew, "could you manage to make this young man understand that I don't care to be bothered with such rot?"

Tidman [illegible] have a chance

Excuse me, says [illegible] Old Hick-

ary's ten thousand dollar check. "but if there's anything otherwise about that, just let me know. That's real money that is. If you want a certified I'll—"

"Stop," says T. Waldo, holdin' up his hand like I was he cross-town traffic. "You must not go on with this silly business chatter. I am not in the least interested. Besides, you are interrupting my tutoring period."

"Your which?" says I, gawpin'.

"Mr. Tidman," he goes on, "is my private tutor. He helps me to study from ten to two every day."

"Gee!" says I. "A t you a little late gettin' into college?"

Waldo sighs wea

"If I must explain," says he, "I prefer to continue improving my mind rather than idle away my days. I've never been to sort of school. I've been

shortly after though that he management of the estate would keep pplied. But I have no taste for ness at all. And I found the dy leaving my father's investments precisely as they came to me my affairs could be simplified. But one must do something. So I engaged Mr. Tidman. What if I am nearly thirty? Is that any reason why I should give up being tutored? There is so much to learn! And to-day a portion is especially interesting. We were just about getting to Thorwald the Bitter."

"Did you say Biter or Batter?" says I.

"I said Thorwald the Bitter," repeats Pet igrew. "One of the old Norse Vikings, you know."

"Go on, shoot it," says I. "What's the joke?"

"But there's no joke about it," he insists. "Surely you have heard of the

yet," says I. ed, though."

ance!" remarks T. Waldo, turnin' to Tidman.

Tidman stares at me disgusted, then bunches his shoulders and grunts. "Oh well."

"And now."

g he hunch to me 't takin any hints. I'd discovered several things that Waldo didn't care for, money being among 'em, and now I what he did like around.

young friend is an admirer of Epictetus?"

"I ain't seen many of the big games this year," says I. "What league is he in?"

"Epictetus," says Waldo gup, he as he can, "was a Greek philosopher. We are reading his 'Dis-"

"Oh!" says I. Now, what was his line of dope—thing like he Dooley stuff?"

Waldo and Tidman swaps grins, sort of sly and sheepish, like they wasn't used to indulgin' in such frivolity. They seemed I arrow third degree, the object being to show up what an empty loft I wear my

they didn't have to dig very deep in a back-number history or Ex best sellers to prove their case, and when needle was needed I submit my part for all it was worth. Honest, they develops into a pair of regular cut-ups, and seems to be havin' the time of their lives discoverin' that a bought Cleopatra must be one of the Russian ballet and Francis Bacon a new ne vie star.

"And yet," says Waldo, inspectin' me a tea th

"They've never got on to me, the way you have," says I.

"As I have always contended," puts in Tidman, "the commercial mind is much overrated. Its intelligence begins with the dollar sign and ends with a percentage fraction. In England, now, we—"

"Well, Peters!" breaks in T. Waldo glancin' annoyed towards the double doors where the butler is tootlin' back and forth on his toes.

"If you please, sir," says Peters, registerin' deep agitation, "might I have a word with you in—er—in private, sir?"

"Nonsense, Peters," says Waldo. "Don't be mysterious about silly housekeeping trifles. What is it? Come, speak up."

"As you like, sir," goes on Peters. "It—it's about the laundress, sir. She's situ— basement, sir.

Tidman takes i

"A dangerous character we think, sir," says the butler—"most likely one of a gang of burglars. Mrs. Flynn found him lurking in the coal-bin on account of his having sneezed, sir. Then she grappled him, sir."

"Oh, dear!" groans Tidman, his face goin' putty-colored.

"The deuce!" says Waldo. "And you say the laundress has him—er—"

"Quite secure, sir," says Peters. "Both hands in his hair and she sitting on his chest, sir."

"But—but this can't go on indefinitely." "I suppose some-

sir," says Peters.

"Bother!" says Waldo. "That means my going to police court and having it in the papers, and— Why, Tidman, what's the matter?"

THE tutor sure was takin' it hard. His thin bony fingers are clutchin' the chair arm desperate, clammy drops are startin' out on his brow, and his narrow-set eyes are starin' at Peters.

"She's such a heavy female. I—I mean Flynn," groans Tidman. "Right on his chest, too."

"Better that than having him wake us up in the middle of the night flourishing firearms and demanding valuables," says Waldo. "Ugh! Burglars. How—how silly of them to come here! It's so disturbing, and I do dread having the police in. I wish you wouldn't look so ghastly over it, Tidman. Come, suggest something."

But Tidman don't seem to be a good suggester. "Both hands in his hair. Oh!" he mutters.

"It's not your hair," sputters Waldo. "And saying idiotic things like that doesn't help. Not a bit. Must I call the police, or what?"

"The police," whispers Tidman, hoarse and husky.

"But what else can I do?" demands Waldo. Then he turns to me. "I say, you think of anything?"

"Seems to me I'd have a look at his get first," says I. "Mistakes sometimes happen, you know, in the best of basements. Might be just a man take the meters, or a plumber or something like that."

"By George, that's so!" says T. Waldo, chirkin' up. "But—er—must I go down there? Suppose he should be a burglar after all."

"We'd be there to on Mrs. Flynn," says

"Would you help, really?" he asks. "You see, I'm not very strong. And Tidman—well, you can't count much on him. Besides, how does one know a burglar by

fact," says I, "but I might ask him what he was doin' down there and call for proof. Then if he was only takin' the meter, why—"

"Of course," says Waldo. "We will—er—you'll do that for me, will you not? Come along, Tidman. You too, Peters. We'll just find out who the fellow is."

I must say, it's kind of a draggy rush as they formed. Tidman havin' to be almost pushed and Peters keepin' well in the rear. I finds myself leadin' the assault with Waldo a bad second, but rollin' me which turns to make and urgin' Tidman to follow close.

Sure enough, though, there on the laundry floor we discovers the victorious Mrs. Flynn, a wide, bunky party with

and that's visible is a pair of run-over shoes and part of a coat sleeve, that's been ripped off. She seems glad to see us

" says she, sighin' grateful. wake I am struggle with Ah, squirm. men to handle ye now and he ruppert'h soon be here. Will ye take charge of him, Mr. Pettigrew?"

"No, no! Please, Mrs. Flynn!" protests Waldo. "You are doing excellently. Don't let him up just yet."

"O-o-o-o!" moans the flattened gent.

up a bit, so we might get a look at him," I suggests. "We want to see if he's really a burglar."

right," says Mrs. Flynn. I catch him red-headed prowlin'. But if ye want to see what his ugly mug looks like, ye may. There! Sit

She's a shifty party with her hands and feet for with a couple of body wists Mrs. Flynn is on her knees behind him with his arms pinned to the small of his back.

"There, chief of the wan-rukh!" says she. "all 'em whatever you came to steal."

"Go on," says I. "Mind the lady."

"I am says he

And you was who on the family. What name?"

"I—I'd rather not give my name," he haugin' his head. getting done in the best circles," says I. "These calls mean, are gettin' to be bad form. Isn't that right, Mr. Pettigrew?"

"If he is a gas man or a plumber," Waldo, "why doesn't he say so at

" says the goat, "but—but here are those who can."

"Eh?" says I. "Oh-ho!"

IT was only a quick glance he shot over, but I caught what it was aimed at. Also, I noticed the effect. And just like that I had a swift hunch how all this high he worked

could sherlockholmes his laundry mystery without callin' in the cops?"

"Oh, I should be so grateful," says T. Waldo.

"There's the answer," says I. "Would it shock you to feel different about callin' him names?"

"Oh, I say, you know," protests T. Waldo, startin' to stiffen up.

For a wop-eyed-for-lugs around a lot of cranky whims, and it looked like this was one of his pets. There's quite a mulish streak in him.

"All right," says I, startin' towards the tle it your own way."

"But, really, don't know what to do," says Waldo. "I—I'm all upset. Of you insist on he land—"

"There's talkin'," says I. "My guess is dat it won't take long. Suppose you and Peters go back upstairs. You can leave gh."

you're sure it is safe?" asks

ok at that grip of Mrs. Flynn's."

AFTER one skittish glance, Waldo does a quick exit. At that, though, Peters beat him to it.

into his," whines Tidman, as I leads him towards the rear.

Never mind," says I. "We're goin' to clear this all up right away. Now, who is he, Tidman? Black-sheep brother or what?"

Got a jump out of him, that is. But he recovers quick.

"Why, he's no relative at all," says "I assure you that I never saw

"Naughty, naughty," says I. "Didn't I spot that peaked bunk of his, just like yours? That's a family nose, that is."

"Cousin," admits Tidman, turnin'

"Broke or dope?"

"Both, I think," says Tid I he has almost ruined my

"Pulls the Black Hand stuff on you, eh?" says I.

TIDMAN groans.

"I had two positions because of him," says he. "It is only when he gets desperate that he hunts me up. I hadn't seen him for over two years until this morning. I'd been out for a walk, and he must have followed me. We were in the front vestibule, and he was begging, as usual, threatening, too,—when I saw Mr. Pettigrew coming in. So I hurried Ralph through the hall and downstairs. I thought he could stay there until I was through tutoring, then I could give him something and send him off. But that

"Dual extra duty, too, gives us you?"

"Why, ye-e-es," says Tidman.

on Cousin Ralph so long," says I. "Give her one of the fives. You can slip the

From the rough way we collared Ralph and led him off she must have thought we was headin' him straight for Sing Sing. Anyway, that five-spot kept her mind

ur remarks to Ralph were short but meaty.

"You see the folly muss you got into, I hope," says Tidman.

"And just remember," I adds, "when the fit strikes you to call again, that Mrs. Flynn is always on hand."

"She's a female hyena, that woman," says Cousin Ralph, rubbin' his back between groans. "I—I wouldn't get within a mile of her again for a fortune."

COL. LDN'T have been more'n ten minutes before the three of us—Waldo, Tidman and me—was all grouped in the lib'ry again, just as though nothing had happened.

"My hunch was right," says I. "He wasn't a burglar. Ask

Wah.

"N-w so. "You've aut, ain't you?" He's gone to po court proceedin's, no scandal in the servants quarters. Ain't that enough?"

quite right," says Waldo. have time for that chap-

you have," says I, "only you got to ditch this Toothpickotus work until you sign an order to your lawyers about sellin' that land. Here, I you. Twelve words.

on the phon Now your

And say, now time you and Tidman need a crude commercial mind to help you out, just send for

Uh-huh. By three o'clock next day we owned the whole of that Apache Creek tract and had the goods to shove at Baldinger.

Was it a cinch? It was a sweet plan. Tickled? Why, Old Hickory came so near spittin' I was afraid that armorplate face of his was goin' to crack.

But say, don't tell the National Real Estators' League about that commission check he slipped me. I might lose my amateur standi

The Bravest Man in the World

Photographs from Hinton Gil

Out of 50,000 ... clock blocks thrown into the ... at a distance of 25 feet Mr Tapperwein missed four. Cheer up, Mr T.; practice makes perfect

Plenty of men think they have perfect confidence in their ... for Mr. Topper ... Knowing that Mrs T can score 1945 ... of a possible 2000, he holds her target for her himself. Very pr... omatic civil, say we — but what ...

One of Mrs ... stunts is ... targets thrown at unknown angles for four and a half hours straight. She has broken 961 out of 1000

WHEN her cook has been temperamental Mrs Adolph Topperwein does not even dismiss her problems with a ... peaceful reading from *The Ladies Home ...* just turns to her husband and says q... "Come out of the ... or, my dear, I want to shoot you."

Adolph Topperwein ... his coat, ... his worsted sweater so as not to get a chill, ... hands Mrs Adolph her rifle and follows her.

This does not mean ... that Mr ... ions. It simply ... that Mr Topperwein fears ... wife's wish.

In fact, they are the champion marks-... and have broken all the records at target ... Antonio. W... n Mrs A. T shoots her ... husband she really ... just sh... ... plan ... from his lips ... a cartridge ... hot from his finger-...

Although Mrs Tapperwein has been ... has scored 100 ... at 2½-inch blocks thrown into the air at a dist... of 20 feet, making a straight run of 1437. Another ... instance of her ability to shoot straight ... her ... unknown angles. This required four hours and ...

As for Mr A. T... n, a sporty exhibition ... but for ten consecutive days at those 2½-inch ... ks thrown into the air at a distance of 25 f... and ... scored only four of the first 50,000.

The Mystery at Woodford's

... from page 9

Think I sat still when things go wrong? I felt my way across the front of the orches-tra—rat, my hand along the velvet rail. Of course I went lop-sided—sounded as if I was limping. Maybe my fingers made a noise like a rat. And you thought I was old Woodford!"

The shame in Mike's face had kept pace with McHugh's peculiar explanation. Still doubt lingered.

"I thought ... was clue ... to me than that, Mr McHugh."

... were ready to imagine anything."

... think I want to believe the other? That's why I talked about quo... ting this afternoon. I didn't want to have it put up to me. I'm getting old. I don't want to go away believing anything like that."

... ain.

... gentleness.

"You stick to me, Mike, and when you do leave it will be with a peaceful mind."

"Thanks, Mr. McHugh. You must be right. I'm sorry I was so easy scared."

"Are we going back?" Quaile asked with a casual air.

... igh turned away.

"... 've seen all ... want for to-night. Besides, the switchboard's out of business. Tommy, you go look to stage door."

Quaile went with the assistant and watched him close the iron door. Tommy hurried away.

When they were outside the manager stepped into his automobile.

Quaile to follow.

As the car started, McHugh placed his feet on one of the delicately upholstered chairs. He drew at his unlighted cigar.

"Then you heard the footsteps too, Quaile?"

Quaile nodded.

"I'm still at a loss ... uncomfortable from the feeling of the place. That isn't amateurs, and, McHugh, the ... a rational explanation of t... sounds we heard ... ust be," McHugh replied, "though I don't see how anybody could have played tricks on us."

Quaile chose to put himself on record.

"Understand," he said, "I don't think this revival would amount to much ... cause of Woodford's."

His belligerent expression returned to McHugh's face.

"Think I can ... beaten by shadows?" he muttered. "They'll look different in there by daylight. Probably find all the explanations we want to-morrow. But if anything is wrong, don't forget made my brand and ... or as a detective for twelve years, and people used to say I was a good one at that. I ... too. Wouldn't be surprised if I liked ... better than directing hum shows. If we get any more funny business at Woodford's, I'll be able to say for sure."

QUAILE spent the following morning looking over his revision of Bertram Woodford's famous play. He ... vented with what he had done. Whil... he place was modernisation and old-fashioned... s contained values of characterization and suspense that were still striking. He had found it necessary ... run dialogue of the biggest ... h.

As he walked down to the theatre the pleasant fall sunlight he agreed with McHugh's prophecy that Woodford's would look different by day.

It was four o'clock when he turned ... he alley. Mike, sitting on the stage doorway gave him his first doubt. Clearly the property-man had not forgotten last night's fright. Over his shoulder Quaile could see figures moving about a nearly brilliant stage.

Quaile assumed a humorous ... "Not going to let the lights go ...

... wavered. "Ask Mr ... "about the switch-...

"What do you ...

But before Mike could answer, McHugh shouted from the stage.

"Here's the author! Come ...

Quaile stepped through and ... ursuing.

While daylight entered only through the stage entrance, more than one border burned to-day, so that the stage at first presented an appearance almost cheerful. The scenic... had yielded a ... arabean table, a red plush sofa, and a ... ber of chairs, relics of former and ... unstaged productions. Moreover the ... s and women lounging about gave the ... place an air of habitation it had lacked last evening.

Barbara Morgan was sitting on the sofa. Her youthful beauty gained ... during from a white-haired woman be... side her who was looking about with a ... ...

Quaile could understand and sympa... Woodford's mood: here furniture, a mod... ... tiude of memories. This stage on which she sat had been her school. More than forty years ago she had played ingénue rôles and occasional leads with Bertram Woodford. McHugh had engaged ... ostensibly to pl... the mother in "Cow... and's Fare." I... cent's warned her ... ... cause of her knowledge of the details of Woodford's production. Her position ... to Barbara, who was to have her old part ... imposed on Quaile a cruel pity. He might have spared his emotion, for when he went over and spoke to the two women the white-haired one smiled up at him without regret.

"I've never met you, Miss Tinken," he began.

"Everybody calls me Dolly," she answered. "They began that when I was Barbara's age—a mere child—and they've never let it die. Isn't it ridiculous?"

Behind her mask of wrin... of youth was still abundant.

"I've been telling Barbara if she d... as well as I did back in the dark ages she'll run away with the play. You're just as pretty as I was, my dear."

BARBARA, too, failed quite to hide her understanding of what this revival means to the other.

"You're good," she said—"too good. I'm glad you're to play my mother."

Dolly shook her head.

"But I'm a bad one. It's only your ... ess. You know, I wouldn't be surprised if they liked the piece. Some of the lines seem to bring the gallery down."

She sighed, planning retrospect... her eyes across the shrouded audi... gallery," she said, "but ... the young people who used to ... it and applaud me?"

... e tapped the stage with her foot.

"... Same old boards, but where's Bertram Woodford, who used to rule us with ...

Quaile saw ... of moisture in her ... his laughter.

"What a devil ... a temper he had! I never thought ... should ...

Quaile crossed ... the table and spoke to the others. There were Smith and Parsons, capable but ordinary actors, and Helen Headon, a dark-haired girl who already displayed resentment at ...

OF the principals, the leading man alone was missing. Quaile wondered what detained Carlton. He walked over to McHugh and drew him toward ... he ...

"Find our anvelope?" he asked.

McHugh glanced around. "... what you'd think of ...

"No signs of a rat?"

"No."

Mike said something at ... board," Quaile protested.

"Quaile," McHugh asked, "you'd take your oath you saw Tommy shut and lock ... just as we left last night?"

"There's no question." Quaile answered. "Why?"

... here," McHugh said under his breath. "I got to find out! Suppose I was dead? I came down with Tommy and ... me ... a couple ... morning. As far as we could ... had been in the house ... locked up—no one ... ere."

The keys are on the inside of all the doors. Of course we went to ... aboard the first thing. Nothing to ... done. Every connection worked. Lights were O. K. Then how did that ... order go out?

Unless somebody ran ... with the ... ey ... ployed at the time. Quaile sug-...

"... and Tommy and Mike at the stage door," McHugh said, "and you and ... where we could see anybody come ... stage. It seems absolutely impossible those connections were touched last night. We got to believe they were, though. Well, ... looking around. I got my eyes ... pen. We'll see if anything goes wrong to-day."

"There's your company," Quaile said ...

"It wouldn't do to start them with a [illegible]."

"Where's the leading man?" McHugh asked.

He glanced at his watch. He raised his [illegible]

[illegible] See any signs of Mr. C[illegible]

[illegible] gh," Mike smiled.

[illegible] him a minute," McHugh said [illegible]

[illegible]

"Hang all that" [illegible]

"I can't be a regular manager like this fellow Woodford seems to have been. Point is, Mr. Quaile's going to read the script, and we start rehearsals to-morrow afternoon. I tell you, boys and girls, [illegible] got a steady job for the winter unless the signs fail, and, of course, if you [illegible] good. That's up to you, not me. Wh[illegible] the devil's Carlton? Go ahead and read [illegible] Hey, Mike! [illegible]

Q[illegible]

[illegible] globe and a green shade depended [illegible] rafters after.

"All set," McHugh cried. "We're off!"

Quaile began to read. The others arranged themselves comfortably. Miss [illegible] when.

Carlton arrived before the close of the first.

Quaile glanced up [illegible] something unforeseen [illegible] actor; for Carlton's [illegible] showed less color than usual and his eyes could not conceal an unaccustomed agita[tion].

"Where you been, Carlton?" McHugh asked darkly. "Beginning with the rehearsals I'm going to post fines."

Carlton sat down, leaning his elbow on [illegible] When he spoke his mouth [illegible]

"At first I didn't think I could come at [illegible] more safe [illegible]

Quaile raised the manuscript and went [on], but now, not infrequently, his glance [illegible] written pages to [illegible] mind went [illegible] responsible [illegible] Woodford." Carlton [illegible] and a lot of people feel that he never let any man play it, now that he is dead."

[illegible] misgivings sprung from such [illegible] wondered if Carlton had al[so] [illegible] of what had happened on this stage yesterday—of the [illegible] had dragged like Woodford's through a darkness sudden and unaccountable; of the furtive pattering reminiscent of a [illegible]

[illegible] from the stage door, to find [it] quite dark in the alley. When he resumed he noticed that a restlessness had invaded the little company. He saw that all of them—even McHugh occasionally—glanced about the vast stage and the [aud]itorium with its army of shadows, as if expectant of something as yet too remote for definition. Quaile hurried ahead. He approached the big scene of the third act, the one during which Woodford had been stricken a few feet from where they sat.

The situation at that point was th[e]atric, but strong. Marjorie's not over-scrupulous mother has forced a [illegible] She has let herself be duped by Marshall; she believes that he is wealthy; that only an insubstantial obstacle removes hi[m] from a title. Marjorie's revolt against such a marriage, however, must be ove[rcome]. Since the girl has refused to [illegible] the mother, believing [illegible] overcome the girl's [illegible] interview, gets her [illegible] rooms by subterfuge.

In the previous act the girl has learn[ed] who Marshall real[ly] is—a brilliant [illegible] a trafficker in shady transac[tions] [illegible] whose success has been [illegible] apparent [illegible]. The girl goes, but she is suspicious. When Marshall springs his trap, and the [illegible] realizes the scandal she has been [illegible] [Mar]jorie takes the whip in [illegible]. She lashes Marshall with his past. She laughs at the incredul[ous] man who will not believe that she can prove her threats. She runs to the window and gives a prearranged signal. There is a disturbance downstairs. She tells the man that the police have entered the house. Marshall surrenders himself to reasonless passion. He springs to the mantel and snatches up a heavy candle-[stick].

[illegible] "Look out!" the mother [illegible]

[M]arjorie shrinks against [illegible] [illegible] "What are [illegible] kill you, if the [illegible] have burst in. The [illegible] flings up his candle[stick] [illegible] speech, and [illegible] his face.

[A]t this point, as they all know, Woodford, [in the mi]ddle of his line, had dropped to the stage—dead.

Although it had happened forty years before, Quaile mused, there were [illegible] present in the theater two people who had witnessed that tragedy. He could understand why [illegible]

He hurried. [illegible] A sudden exclamation from [illegible] The actor had risen and stood braced against the table. His hand jerked unevenly in a gesture toward [illegible] spoke with a labored and [illegible]

"[illegible] Mr. McHugh. Not feeling well. Perhaps I shouldn't have come. You're nearly through. Might [I] go? You could send my part to me."

[Mc]Hugh's eyes were puzzled.

[illegible] he said. "Go on home. [I'll] send the part, and you might let me know in the morning what your sawbones ad[vises]."

He called:

"Tommy! Tommy [illegible] Go with Mr. Carlton [illegible] he gets a taxicab. Fire ahead, Quaile. It's getting late. Bad enough to [hav]e to hear plays on a [illegible]

[illegible] walked from the stage [illegible]. Quaile watched him go, curi[ous] [illegible] need that fright rather than [illegible] he went on. All [illegible] these words were to the dingy walls, the empty seats. Yet how different was his voice from the ones they remembered!

THERE wasn't much more. At the close he looked up, expecting the usual chorus of gratitude or disappointment. The company accepted the play [in si]lence.

[illegible] McHugh prompted.

"[I th]ink I can do well enough with Marjorie," Barbara sai[d].

"Of c[illegible]

"What do you t[illegible]

The others made eq[illegible] ments.

As he gathered up [illegible] [illegible] and Barbara stood apart at a portion of the stage toward which the old woman had glanced often during the reading. She whispered, and Barbara appeared to listen with a sort of fascination.

The picture worried Quaile. It prompted him to meet Barbara, as if by accident, when she stepped from the stage door. They spoke aimlessly for a few [illegible]

"Miss Tinker," he said at the first opportunity, "seemed a little reminiscent to-day. I dare say she was telling you, just now, how Woodford died. Wasn't it over there where you stood?"

Barbara nodded.

"[Y]es. She told me all about his pride and jealousy and the way he struggled to go on playing when he was too ill, and how the black cat ran out."

She drew her coat more closely about her.

"She gave me the shivers. Said she had a feeling there was a cat near her all the time this afternoon."

Quaile was uncomfortable. Such a fancy fitted too neatly with last night's [illegible]

"I'm sorry," he said.

"Why?"

He reached out and touched her ha[nd]. It was cold.

"I thought so," he said. "She's played [on y]our nerves."

"[N]ow please!" she laughed. "For an actress, I've always prided myself on hav[ing] [illegible]"

He smiled, [illegible] the alley en[trance].

"Your blood w[illegible] shall we go on?"

He walked to the street with her, and put her in a cab. He experienced a special welcome for himself in the lights [illegible]

CARLTON did not appear for rehearsal the next day, but McHugh had talked with him over the telephone. His doctor had prescribed a few days' rest, and McHugh had sent the part up to him.

"That's a relief," he said, "because Carlton's a good actor."

"Why this sudden a[ttack] of nerves?" Quaile asked.

McHugh grunted.

"Cut that out, Quaile. [illegible] business here. I got my eyes open, but nothing else has happened, and nothing will."

Quaile found, however, that the manager had taken an unprecedented step. Instead of turning the early rehearsals over to one of his men, he announced that he would direct the production fro[m] [illegible] It fixed Quaile's [illegible] the foot[li]ghts, McHugh thrust his thumbs in the arm-holes of his waistcoat.

"The leading man," he announced, "is under the weather for a few days. Until he comes back, Tommy Ba[illegible] will feed you his sides. So play up to him as if he was Carlton."

Tommy, gorgeous for the occasion in tan shoes, check suit, and a lavender necktie, to hide his embarrassment fingered the pages of the part and began [to] read Carlton's lines with harsh, uncultured power.

Quaile had to hide his mirth. He was convinced he would never be able to purge Marshall's rôle of Tommy's voice. The worst of it was, the youth had an instinct for the stresses, but he exaggerated them insufferably. He capped Barbara's [illegible] ng modulations with the [illegible]

"[illegible] ought to guess, Mr. McHugh. It's Tommy—the way he's reading."

Tommy blushed. McHugh grinned.

"Tommy's mother didn't raise her boy to be an actor. Jealous of his style? What's the matter with Tommy?"

"I tell you, it puts my nerves on edge," the woman persisted. "Maybe I'm an old fool, but it seems like sacrilege. It's enough to make Woodford turn in his grave."

Quaile sprang up and went to M[c]Hugh's side. Tommy slammed the book [illegible]

"Aw! [I] never claimed to [illegible] Irving. Mr. McHugh tells [me to read] the part, and I reads [illegible] was bad enough to frighten women and children."

Dolly turned away, her sullenness replaced by a remorse wholly feminine.

"I'm sorry if I've hurt your feelin's, Tommy," she said softly. "[illegible] I can't think why I burst out that [wa]y."

She put her handkerchief to her eyes.

"I'm old and fanciful. It seemed [illegible] [ha]d to. Don't forget this house is full [of g]hosts for me."

Barbara went over and whispered to her. Quaile, anxious only to have the disturbing interruption concluded, suggested to McHugh that he read the [part] until Carlton's return. But the manager's jaw was thrust well forward.

"I'll step on these nerves at the start," he muttered. "Tommy! Cheer up! Nobody's going to make you stand in the [corner]. Go ahead. [Ma]ybe they don't read like you was telephon[ing] [illegible] Quaile. Coney Island boat stuff—talkin' to your best girl."

Tommy took the book again, but he had borrowed Dolly's moroseness. He read now in a voice unstressed, sullen, barely audible.

At the close of the rehearsa[l] [illegible] apologized to Quaile.

"I got the queerest feel[ing] [illegible]," she defended herself. "[illegible] takes me back forty years. Th[illegible] [don]'t belong. They make [illegible] spoke sharply:

"There's a cat around here."

Quaile started.

"Not unusual on [illegible]," answered.

"But I haven't seen one [illegible]," looking from side to side with a perplexed [illegible]

"Then why are you so sure?"

"I'm one of those unfortunates," she [illegible] they ma[ke] [illegible] They make me think of death."

Quaile tried to laugh unconcerned. Nevertheless he spoke to McHugh, who directed Tommy to [make a] search of the place. [illegible] Tommy reported [illegible] that there was no cat in the building.

[illegible]

"I want to talk to you," he said [illegible]

[illegible] You almost make me believe you're seriously afraid of Woodford's [illegible]."

Carlton looked up.

"Suppose I was?"

"Then," Quaile answered [illegible]

"you'd better throw the part over. It's childish. We've worked there for a week. It's all right."

Carlton raised his glass. His voice groped.

"May be waiting for me."

"Of course we've been."

"Not you," Carlton said slowly.

Quaile gasped.

"Who, then? You're off your head, Carlton. Should I say—what, then?"

"Probably that," Carlton answered.

IT was impossible to read derision in his voice, or to suspect a boast in his haggard appearance. Either the man had been drinking, or else he was, for the moment, unbalanced. Those alternatives must have been in his own mind, for he burst forth defensively:

"I'm not off my head, though I'd rather think what you do."

"Good Lord, Carlton! You haven't been brooding over that old woman's talk! Or have you heard something?"

"I've heard something," Carlton said. He drained his glass and set it down.

"I believe you're friendly, Quaile. I'm glad to tell somebody this. I want somebody to know, if anything goes wrong in there with me this afternoon, it won't be an—accident."

"What are you driving at?" Quaile asked.

"I mean," Carlton answered, "that I've forced myself to come down to-day to find out if there is actually a force in that theater capable of preventing my playing Woodford's part."

It annoyed Quaile that his scorn rang artificially in his own ears.

"What am I to think of you? I realize now that the day of the reading you were not sick. You were afraid."

"You're right. Principally the latter," Carlton admitted. "I'd had my first warning that afternoon. The second came the next night."

His face twitched. He looked up appealingly. The word, however, stimulated Quaile.

"Warnings!"

"Yes. There have been several."

Quaile's interest grew. Warnings were tangible factors whose source could be traced.

"How did they come?" he asked eagerly. "Letters?"

"Out of the air," Carlton answered. "That's as near as one can put it. Out of the air. Don't think I'm mad, Quaile. They seemed to be from Woodford."

Quaile sat back.

"Have you been fooling with spiritualism? That's absurd. Tell me definitely about these warnings."

As Carlton was about to answer, Tommy rushed in from the street on the wings of duty.

"Better hustle," he cried. "I've been looking everywheres for you two. Mr. McHugh's getting hotter by the minute."

The worst of it was, Tommy clung. Carlton had no opportunity to speak privately, nor Quaile to urge him, before they were in the presence of the frate manager.

"Too bad you're only a week late, Mr. Carlton," McHugh snarled.

Quaile clambered across the footlights, walked to McHugh, and whispered:

"Let it go. Another queer angle! We'll get it out of Carlton after rehearsal."

"All right," McHugh called. "Mr. Quaile takes the blame. You ought to be ashamed, Quaile, to make a little fellow like him late for school."

He clapped his hands.

"All your first-act props on, Mike?"

"Yes, Mr. McHugh."

"Then chase your shadow off the stage. Get set, everybody. Mr. Carlton ought to know his part. No books to-day, Tommy, you hold the script, but don't prompt until you're sure they've nothing on their minds but their hair. Dolly! Smith! Ready for your entrances. Orchestra!"

He whistled a few bars, off key, from a popular song.

"Curtain!"

He hauled at thin air with his hands.

"Empty stage. Enter Dolly. Come on, Dolly."

They stumbled through the first two acts to an accompaniment of valuable sarcasm.

CARLTON held Quaile's attention. The mechanics of a good actor survived, but that was all. His work showed no animation. His voice was uneven, his gestures futile. As the third act started, it was clear enough that Carlton faced with reluctance the big scene during which Woodford had died. It was at that point that he had left, the day of the reading. It was there, doubtless, that the warnings of which he had spoken had centered. Yet what could conceivably happen? That the lights should expire again was unthinkable; but Quaile confessed his doubt by strolling down to the footlights and leaning over so that he could see the switchboard.

Dolly's sharp exclamation altered his thoughts. He turned to the old woman. The color had left her face. Her eyes sought every corner of the stage, even explored the shadowed auditorium.

"What's this?" McHugh roared. "Jump on the chairs, girls. Dolly sees a mouse."

But Quaile knew, and he guessed that McHugh knew, what had startled the woman. He tried to caution her with a glance; but her eyes were still vainly seeking. She spoke from a tight throat.

"No. But, I tell you, there is a cat on this stage."

Carlton swayed against the table. He clutched the edge, staring at Dolly like one who has seen a prophecy fulfilled.

"I didn't see any cat," McHugh said.

"I feel it. I know it's here," Dolly answered. She shuddered. "It frightens me. What does it want?"

Barbara tried to quiet her.

"It's all right. There isn't any cat."

Carlton took a long breath. He straightened, and resumed his speech. But his voice lashed body.

Barbara's manner, too, was without assurance. Her denunciation failed to ring with conviction. When she defied Carlton, telling him the police were in

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Dr. RUPERT BLUE, Surgeon-General U. S. Public Health Service, Washington, D. C., says: "It is the true story of personal hygiene, told in a plain and straightforward manner."

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Dr. S. S. GOLDWATER, formerly Commissioner of Health of New York City: "Cannot every practitioner in the country be requested to promote the circulation of the book?"

Surgeon-General W. C. GORGAS, War Department, Washington, D. C.: "It is the most practical and useful book on the subject that I know of."

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the house, the words scarcely carried to Quaile at the footlights.

Carlton followed the business with an automatic precision. He walked to the mantel and snatched up the heavy candlestick. He had the bearing of a somnambulist.

Dolly, according to the directions, screamed her line:

"Marjorie! Look out!"

Barbara shrank against the wall, her hands raised, gasping:

"Be careful! What are you going to do to me?"

Abruptly Carlton turned, lifting the candlestick, about to start forward. His lips moved. The words came huskily:

"Pay what debts I can. Kill you, if the strength—"

The candlestick slipped from his hand; his voice died away. He toppled, crashed to the stage, lay motionless, his pallid face upturned to the shadows beyond the lights.

The rest held their poses of the moment rigidity. The very point, the very line at which Woodford forty years ago had died! It was Dolly's scream that released them.

Quaile, as he vaulted the footlights, saw the old woman spring back as if something in passing had touched her.

He ran to Carlton's side and knelt. McHugh came up, breathing hard.

"He's fainted," the manager said. "Tommy! Get some water here! Quick!"

Quaile stretched out his hand and fumbled beneath Carlton's coat. He snatched his hand back.

"Good God, McHugh! Not fainted! There's no use. He's gone."

To be continued next week

Don't Let Your Boy Read This

By JOHN G. HOLME

THE most astute, successful, and wealthy pirates that ever lived, are flourishing to-day—not on the Spanish Main, wherever that may be—but right in New York City. They work by day and night up and down the Hudson and East rivers, along all the bays and channels around Greater New York, and on the high seas adjoining. They wear neither rings in their ears nor multicolored handkerchiefs about their heads; but, instead, store clothes, derby hats, and rubbers when it rains. Most of them live in flats in Brooklyn and the Bronx, are married, have children, and vote at elections.

But they are not regular pirates, you will say.

Well, Greater New York maintains a force of seventy men—the pick of the police department—to do nothing at all but fight, kill, and capture these pirates.

Pirates Get $500,000 a Year in Coal

THE Coal Merchants' Association of New York recently estimated its annual losses to pirates at about $500,000. And the half million dollars' worth of coal stolen yearly means but a small percentage of the revenues of New York's band of buccaneers. Captain Kidd probably never saw more than $25,000 or $50,000; and Sir Henry Morgan, one of the most successful of the old pirates, who sacked Panama in 1670 and held scores of Spanish women for ransom, hardly collected more money in his whole sinful career than the pirates of New York steal in a month.

Piracy is now an organized business.

In the past few months the pirates of New York have busied themselves principally with stealing cocoa. Members of the Chocolate Manufacturers' Association estimate they and importers of cocoa beans have been robbed of about $25,000 worth of the raw material in the past year. They believe that some chocolate manufacturers are secretly purchasing their supplies from buccaneers.

Captain James W. Hallock of the Marine Division tells some entertaining stories of pirate activities. A few years ago an enterprising New Jersey pirate contracted with a lighterage firm to haul off all the steel used in the temporary structure of the Queensborough Bridge. The steel was stored on Blackwell's Island, the home of the city's corrective institutions. The Marine Division got wind of the boat thefts and stopped operations. Of course the lighterage company was not to blame. The pirate chief vanished. He was since appointed, but not discouraged. A few days later he was caught trying to steal more than half a ton of white lead paint belonging to the Department of Charities. That buccaneer is now in prison.

Pirates in New York Bay steal hundreds of thousands of dollars' worth of goods from the docks every year. The New York Police Department has a fleet of boats that chase them, manned by a force of seventy picked men. This boat, the Patrol, has just been scrapped in such way for a faster, larger craft.

The pirates of New York operate in fast motor-launches. They creep under piers, and steal up to tugs convoying coal barges. The captain is either bribed or knocked out. The pirates then proceed to steal from twenty-five to one hundred tons of coal, unloading it into barges of their own. They sell the coal to merchants, bankers, lawyers, and even churches. Everybody is glad to buy coal cheaply.

The blinding flash of a searchlight from a police motor-boat once lit up a queer scene under a pier in the East River. In the column of light, a few feet from the police craft, stood two men in a boat, holding a sack. A little stream of granulated sugar was pouring into the bag. The men surrendered. They had bored a hole through the heavy planking in the pier and into a sack of sugar on the pier.

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Is There Any Chance for Big Returns on Money Now?

By ALBERT W. ATWOOD

IT has been the uniform purpose of these articles to inculcate ideas of safety, caution, and conservatism. So many millions are lost in ill advised "investments," by people of every grade of intelligence and experience, that a very heavy burden of responsibility rests upon any financial writer who undertakes to suggest other than the more sure and solid uses of money. Yet it is a fact that many persons can afford to take some slight chances, provided they study and analyze the opportunities offered. It is for such persons that the present article is written.

Commodore Vanderbilt was quoted as saying to young men: "Buy opportunities and sell achievements." For the average investor this is rather dangerous advice. For him (or her) experience proves that it is generally safer to purchase tried, seasoned, stable, settled investments. But, for those who can afford a certain amount of risk, it is well to look forward—to seek, not opportunities alone, for that is dangerous, but those stocks and bonds where present accomplishment is not all.

Don't Try to Make a Fortune Overnight

HOWEVER, when the average man decides to take a little chance, he is apt to throw all common sense and caution to the winds. He acts, to speak plainly, like a fool. He tries to make a fortune overnight by rushing madly after a highly speculative "war bride." Or, what is even worse and more usual, he buys some worthless shares for a few cents apiece in a company that merely has a pattern for a new automobile, or a scheme for manufacturing moving pictures, or a hazy contract for making war munitions, but no plant, no organization, no trade name, built up by years of hard labor, and none of the other actual, tangible assets that a successful enterprise must acquire.

Let me make this clear by specific examples. Many people have gone mad over Crucible Steel common stock, and have lost a lot of money in it. This company has very large war orders; it has large and rapidly expanding plants, and is rushed with business. But it was not doing very well before the war, and owed a lot of back dividends on its preferred stock. From 38½ last May the common stock rose to 109⅞ in September, and fell back to 52½ in January, and is now around 90. It pays no dividends, and such have been the fluctuations in its price that fortunes have been made and lost therein.

But the preferred stock is different. It is now paying 7 per cent. dividends regularly, and selling around 115, which is 6.09 per cent. on one's money. But there are 24.75 per cent. back dividends on the preferred stock, and the purchaser has an exceedingly good chance of obtaining, besides his 7 per cent. a year, nearly 25 per cent. additional in the course of a very few years. Common sense indicates that, if the company is doing one half the business it appears to be doing, it will not only be able right along to pay its regular 7 per cent., but settle up the 25 per cent. in arrears.

Another opportunity of the same character is the preferred stock of the American Can Company, paying 7 per cent., selling around 112, and with arrears of 84½ per cent., sure to be paid shortly. The company has big war orders besides its regular business, and the common stock, which pays no dividends, has soared.

A somewhat more speculative stock, and yet one that has a great business behind it, is Allis-Chalmers preferred. Besides war orders, this company is regularly one of the largest makers of heavy machinery, for which there is sure to be a demand from Europe after the war. The company has had trouble in the past, but was thoroughly reorganized in 1913. Its 6 per cent. preferred stock sells around 76, yielding 9 per cent. on the investment, and there are 13 per cent. of unpaid back dividends. The company has only recently begun to pay dividends; but if business continues good this year, there seems little reason why it should not keep up and meet all arrears in reasonable time. The preferred stock is a speculation with solid attractions.

Buy Two Stocks Together

FOR a short investment to pay a fair return there are the Cities Service 7 per cent. notes, due in 1918, to pay at present prices a little more than 6 per cent.; while the preferred stock of the same company appears to be growing stronger, and pays between 7 and 8 per cent. The company owns scores of gas, electric, street railway, natural gas, and petroleum properties in several different States. Another similar stock is United Light & Railways Company 6 per cent. preferred, which pays 7½ per cent.

These stocks should be further investigated; but the reader can rest assured that his investigations will show him the existence of opportunity combined with real merit.

An excellent plan for those who wish to combine speculation and investment is to buy two stocks together, one dividend and the other non-dividend. For example, buy Wabash preferred A and American Smelting preferred, or Erie first preferred and American Can preferred. In this way, half the investment pays 6 per cent. or more and the other half holds out promise of future dividends and considerable advance in price.

NOTE.—In a forthcoming article Mr. Atwood will point out opportunities in bonds.

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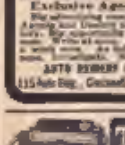

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